

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1847.

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

LATE in the afternoon of November 23, 1842, large columns of watery light were ascending and concentrating upon the sun, as he inclined low to the west, shedding his cold autumnal rays over my country and friends. As this image of home blended with that of heaven, took full possession of my imagination, the coachman, by whom I was sitting on the outside, pointed toward the horizon, and exclaimed, "*Roma! Roma!*" A moment's bewilderment made the mind waver as it turned from one entrancing vision to another, and straining my eyes as the carriage descended the hill, rapidly passing the lonely and time-worn tomb of Nero, I caught a glimpse of the city of the Cæsars; and as we rounded the point of the ridge, the dim outline of the dome of St. Peter's loomed up in the mist which overhung the Tiber. We quickly reached the level, crossed the full-flooded river on the ancient Milvian bridge, and soon approached the Porta del Popolo. Through this magnificent portal we passed into an open space, and halted at the base of an ancient Egyptian obelisk surmounted by a gilded glory and cross, and on whose pedestal I read, *Divus Augustus*. In the presence of this ancient emblem of Egypt, on whose base was that omnipotent name, once the adored household word of imperial Rome, and whose summit bore the symbol of our holy religion, pointing to the ærial domes of two magnificent churches that threw their deep shadows over the inspiring scene, I realized I was in Rome.

To arrive in Jerusalem is an event in one's religious history: to arrive in Rome is an epoch in one's life. In the first case, the thoughts and the character acquire a deeper sanctity; in the second, an enviable celebrity. The pleasure of visiting the first springs from faith, as there is but little there that appeals to the senses, recalling to the soul those hallowed visions which impelled it to the east. A visit to the second derives its pleasure from what one sees—from those immortal works of art which the ancients and the moderns have executed to represent

their patriotism, their pleasures, and their piety. They are the ever-during forms of beauty, of pleasure, of praiseworthy actions, and of ennobling and purifying sentiments fixed in marble, brass, bronze, and mosaic, as models for the study and imitation of posterity. Rome was first the collector, then the creator, and now the conservator of these remains.

If Rome be the chief object of the amateur traveler in Europe, St. Peter's is the first wonder that he seeks in Rome. Consecrated to the interests of the invisible world, the pilgrim will perceive signs of his approach to it sometime before it appears in sight. As he descends to the Tiber, on the western side of which it stands, he finds the bridge that leads to it guarded by a host of angels in beautiful marble, each holding and contemplating some instrument of the passion of our Savior, as the cross, spear, sponge, hammer, nails, &c. And casting his eye aloft, he sees standing in the air upon the castle of St. Angelo, the statue of Michael, the archangel, with a drawn sword, intimating, as one might suppose, that St. Peter's, whose soaring dome now appears in view, is under the protection of the heavenly hosts.

The traveler is disappointed upon first beholding this celebrated temple. It is encumbered on all sides by vast piles of lofty buildings, which abut upon it on either hand, and the edifice, on this account, seems to want breadth and elevation, although it is four hundred feet in length, and one hundred and sixty in height. Nor does the portico, owing to its architecture being that of a palace rather than a church, make that grand and solemn impression upon the beholder which he naturally expects to receive upon approaching the entrance of a sublime religious edifice. But upon ascending into the vestibule, and looking up into the lofty vaulted ceiling covered with gold and adorned with mosaics, and upon the majestic centre portal, with bronze doors sculptured over with Scripture history and apostolic martyrdoms, and upon the colossal equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, he begins to realize the grandeur and beauty of this wonderful temple.

Although crowds may be arriving and departing, yet there is a profound silence, which is preserved by the portals for admission being closed, not by

wooden or bronze beams, but by curtains, which, being drawn aside, the stranger suddenly finds himself at the lower end of the church, from whence a scene of beauty, grandeur, and luxury bursts upon him, which cannot be described. Upon first seeing it, the devout Catholic might well be pardoned for the most enthusiastic or profound expressions of admiration or worship.

The first glance at the interior affects different persons differently. Some insensibly sink down upon their knees and cast a confiding and grateful glance toward the high altar; others fall prostrate and water the precious marble pavement with a profusion of tears. The Protestant is generally struck with wonder and delight, and stands in breathless silence, soothed and refreshed by the genial atmosphere, which is charged with the delicious incense that incessantly rises from many altars. At length he awakes from that profound wonderment that had entranced his soul upon entering, and begins to distinguish the several parts, and to comprehend the *tout ensemble* of this most wonderful temple. He looks up into the majestic vaults covered with the finest pictures fixed there in unchanging and ever-during mosaic; then he casts a glance through the vast ranges of columns encased in precious marbles, and adorned with magnificent funereal monuments, and the countless emblems and reminiscences of religion sculptured in marble and bronze. Amid this wondrous scene he will observe here groups standing in breathless silence contemplating some statue or picture, and there others kneeling at some favorite altar, or to some favorite saint.

At length he begins to advance into the church, and soon perceives that his feet move upon the precious marble pavement as upon a polished mirror. His attention is gradually concentrated upon a cluster of a hundred little lamps close to the floor, twinkling in their silver sockets amid a flood of milder light that comes down from the great dome, impending immediately above, and illumines the pavement. In the midst of this flood of celestial light is a heavy mass of shade, caused by the canopy of the great altar, under which repose the headless bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, the descent to whose tombs is constantly illuminated by the silver lamps.\* Let the traveler approach the railing, and look down to the gate of these martyrs' graves, and he will see kneeling before it the statue of a Pope at prayer, which is so life-like, that, for a time, it deceives him, and he expects to see it find entrance and disappear. If he choose to descend into the vaults beneath, he will there find the tombs of all the holy fathers, together with kings, queens, and princes, who have deserved well of the Church, but ill of their country,

\* On the authority of Vassi and Nibby, Roman Catholic antiquarians, I assign the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul to this tomb, and their heads to that of St. John Lateran, which is the metropolitan church of the Catholic world.

from which they have fled, or been indignantly driven, and at length found absolution and a grave here.

Upon ascending from the vaults below, the stranger, perhaps for the first time, looks aloft, and shudders involuntarily at beholding the dome, like a vast gulf, inverted and impending over him. In the concave of the lantern that crowns the dome, is a magnificent mosaic painting of the eternal Father, who looks down benignantly from that half shadowy, half illuminated recess, upon the tombs of the apostles and martyrs four hundred feet below.

Recovering from the first impulse of terror, he now discovers what, if he is a Protestant, shocks him—if a Catholic, fills him with reverence. It is a black statue of an ancient Jupiter, now regarded as St. Peter, seated in an elevated chair placed against a pillar, whose right foot is literally worn away by the kisses of the faithful through the lapse of a thousand years. I have seen the coarse, revolting peasantry press their garlicky lips and wrinkled foreheads ardently upon it, and the instant after, a princess passed her cambric handkerchief over it, and applied her delicate and beautifully chiseled mouth passionately to the same warm iron, and then lifted up her little son to do the same, while others were waiting to take their turn.

We must look for the emblems of St. Peter, as the head of the Church, in the tribune at the extreme upper end of the temple. There one sees an apparently small window of a mild yellowish golden color, so painted as to increase in richness and light towards the centre, where a celestial dove appears hovering over a bank of clouds, at the base of which, and blending with it, are saints, Ambrose, Augustin, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, bearing up the original chair of St. Peter, over whom two angels sustain the tiara, while hosts of seraphs hover around. The multitude do not worship here—they only wonder and believe.

Every time the visitor enters this mighty temple, every hour he spends in it, increases his admiration of this wonderful creation of man. But the Protestant cannot worship in St. Peter's.

He who has visited Westminster Abbey and St. Peter's, will naturally compare the impressions which the interior of each made upon him. The interest of the two is totally different; yet each is overwhelming. In Westminster, the genius of the place overpowers you—in St. Peter's the place itself. The first fills you with reverence and awe as you gaze upon the monuments of those whose works and actions are the richest legacy ever bequeathed by mankind to man: the second fills you with wonder and delight as the most magnificent and harmonious composition in marble, metals, and colors man has ever produced. Over the world of letters, science, and ambition, Westminster has the greater power: over the religious and ideal world St. Peter's reigns triumphant.



## LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

## JOSEPH ADDISON AS A PROSE WRITER.

THE world knows but little of the personal appearance of Joseph Addison; but his genius is appreciated, with more or less accuracy, wherever the English language is spoken. Lord Chesterfield once observed, that he "had never seen a more modest, or a more awkward man;" and this criticism may give us some conception of his person. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, in summing up the manifestations of his genius, lays it down as an axiom, that "he who would write English with correctness and elegance, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison;" and this sentence may furnish us with a sufficient idea of his mental character.

Chesterfield and Johnson, I will remark in passing, fairly represent the two great classes of critics, into which the world is divided. The one class judges only from personal appearances; the other by the acknowledged productions of the individual. The first looks entirely to the physical; the second as exclusively to the mental demonstrations. The one asks the question, how did he look? The other is satisfied to inquire, what can he do? If a man eats well, and sleeps at night, and cares but little how the world goes, his fine healthy face and full form will soon settle his fortune with the Chesterfield critics; but the thoughtful, studious, reflecting, and earnest man—he who lives an intellectual rather than an animal life, unless Providence has given him an iron frame which no labor can reduce—will do best to get his character drawn by the followers of Johnson.

This first order of critics, let me add, is not a new race of people. We have it on reliable authority, that Faustina, the mother of the Emperor Commodus, was so passionately devoted to their mode of judgment, that she discouraged in every way the mental education of her son, and, to improve his bodily appearance, brought him up as a gladiator. Socrates, also, was pronounced a villain, either because his figure and expression were not sufficiently bold and imposing, or there was some other deficiency in his person, when compared with the unchangeable Chesterfield standard. One of these critics, but a few years ago, on meeting with a flat-faced stranger in an English gentleman's parlor, expressed some resentment for being brought into the society of an idiot; nor was he prepared, by following his own rule of judgment, to manifest or feel much surprise, when he was informed that that idiot was only the celebrated Mr. Coleridge!

Notwithstanding the present popularity of this style of criticism, of judging a man's mind by his mien and magnitude, I shall prefer, in speaking of the intellectual characteristics of Mr. Addison, to

take the minority side with my old friend, Dr. Johnson.

There was a time when the name of Addison stood at the head of the literary canon. For almost a century, he was regarded as the best writer of the English language. He was seldom criticised, because criticism had already made him its model. Within the last half century, however, other writers have appeared, and presented their claims to rivalry with the great English composer; and it is for this reason, that the thinking part of the literary world begin again to examine and to rejudge their old standard.

In judging of the style of any writer, there are two points only to be noticed. They are, the thought and the expression of it. The thought in any piece of composition must be attended to, for several reasons. The first is, that the style of expression will very much depend on the amount of thought it labors with. If a writer has little or none of it to trouble him, his pen may glide easily and rapidly along, with all imaginable felicity of diction. The mind, freed from nearly every restraint, gives a loose reign to the imagination, and the words flow along in a continual stream of beauty. But just impose an intellectual burden on the mind, give it an intricate historic truth to unravel, or let it be employed in bringing to light some profound philosophical problem, and the muse of rhetoric is soon trammelled, the lines are apt to be found limping, and the mere manner of writing is almost necessarily lost in the difficulties or grandeur of the subject. There is so much importance to be given to this consideration, that, in the comparison of any two or more writers, the first question raised should always refer to the amount of solid matter respectively conveyed by them.

Another principal reason for attending, in all our strictures, to the thought of a composition, is, that the style of any writer will vary, as his matter is either original or borrowed. If it is borrowed, he has nothing to do but move quietly forward, with more or less variety and ease of manner, in the path made familiar to him by his predecessor. Perhaps he only polishes the blocks quarried and partly finished by another hand. But let him go himself to the granite or marble mountain—let him blast out with vast toil his own material, and, if I am not mistaken, the very habit of such rough labor will partially unfit him for the more delicate operation of the polisher; but if, as it rarely happens, there should arise a genius, capable of performing both parts with equal energy and perfection, no language can be too strong to celebrate his triumph. Such a man was Addison, as I shall endeavor to show before this sketch is finished.

Next to the thought in any piece of writing, the expression of it, I have said, should be regarded. Clearness of expression, or what is called perspicuity by rhetoricians, is of the first importance, because

ideas, however good, are of no value, unless they are made intelligible to the reader. Whether we write or speak, our object is to convey something to another; but if nothing be conveyed, or if our meaning is either obscured or distorted by the manner of conveyance, we might better have kept silence. All the fine words in the language, and all the embellishments of the most luxuriant fancy, can by no means supply the place of this sterling quality.

But a person may be very clear in the conveyance of his opinions, without raising the smallest admiration in the one who receives them. Your servant may vociferate some important truth to you, and, though you perfectly comprehend him, he may deserve to be chastised for his impertinent behavior; or, by a complacent and agreeable manner, he may render an unlucky errand almost pleasing, and gild even a misfortune in the act of making it known to you. In the same way, a writer of the greatest capacity for thinking may fall infinitely below one of inferior talents, whose habits of expression happen to be more engaging.

In the possession of these two qualities of expression, many writers seem to be content; but a man of noble mind is not satisfied with being merely clear and agreeable for the moment. Having a work to do, he wishes to make on his reader's memory a lasting impression. He who writes barely for the temporary entertainment of the public, sacrifices every thing to amusement. Forgetting that he has an intellectual and moral character to maintain, and that to support it he must regard the ultimate effect of his compositions, he dashes on without concern, caring for nothing but to rouse present laughter, or to excite an evanescent sympathy, which passes off like the curling mists of a summer morning. But the truly great writer contrives to leave an indelible mark on the reader's heart and intellect. Perhaps, by a single article, he changes the opinions of a great part of his generation; and, from the day of its publication, he is quoted, not so much for his being of an amusing and humorous disposition, as for the power and impressiveness of his style of thinking. Although, in fact, he is only an impressive writer, his manner gives him a place among the philosophers and reformers.

These several qualities of a perfect style are rarely to be met with in the works of any single writer. One, like Bacon, has original and great thoughts—thoughts like diamonds of the deepest water; but then these very diamonds are half hid amidst the rubbish of his language. Another, like Plutarch among the ancients, presents you with good thoughts, but they are all borrowed from original sources. All that such a writer has to do, is to gather up his pearls wherever he can find them, and then string them at his leisure and to his liking. A third is very clear in what he says; but, like Sterne and Swift, in their lighter works, his want of substance renders him

unworthy of perusal. A fourth, wishing to make his page lively and agreeable, will sacrifice with Sue and Bulwer every other consideration, and even truth and virtue, to the mere gratification of his reader. The fifth class of writers, among whom are to be numbered all sorts of reformers, and of whose style that of Luther is an eminent example, in laboring to make their sentences impressive, sometimes forget that correctness and beauty are important elements of power.

It is only by looking over such a list as I have given, and perceiving how few are the writers who possess more than one of the leading qualities of good writing, that we learn to appreciate the productions of Mr. Addison, in which all the varieties of strength and elegance are harmoniously and beautifully blended.

As a writer of profound thought, Mr. Addison has had but few equals. Every page of his works seems to have been wrought out with deep reflection. A strong proof of this is seen in the fact, that his writings have been as universally read and admired by men of mere logical habits, as by those who can praise nothing in an author, but the splendor of his figures and the honey of his words. Besides, his political pieces exerted a general influence, even during his lifetime, on the public mind; and, at this day, every Englishman feels the abiding effect of his polemical efforts, in the increased permanency and vigor of the crown. Victoria herself may well bless her fortune, that such a writer had preceded her own birth and reign, whose genius had cast almost an agreeable lustre around her bloody hereditary throne. But our writer's critical papers are undoubtedly the strongest evidence of his intellectual power. Criticism is that species of writing of all most difficult to manage; and when, like Mr. Addison's review of Milton, it is to be confined to a single author, it is almost beyond the bounds of possibility to make it interesting to common minds. There is demanded by it a closeness of thought, a clearness of distinction, and a refined delicacy in the discrimination and choice of words, which, however skillfully employed, require too great a share of the same qualifications in the reader, to render it easy and captivating to the great mass of mankind. The truth of it is, the depth and originality of thought so manifest in Mr. Addison's works, are the very excellences which make him less popular in this age than in his own. So busy is the world in our day in heaping up hoards of wealth, and so illiterate and mentally indolent do men become, whose lives have been spent in this way, that a work of any merit for refinement and ability of thought is cast aside as the greatest nuisance to be conceived. A style of less depth, but of more flare and flash, would have maintained Mr. Addison in his position down to our own times; while, as a lamentable fact, it must be confessed, that the Spectator, the Tattler,



and the Guardian have been partly displaced by the foolish and flimsy novels and love stories of a more thoughtless and degenerate age.

But the agreeable qualities in Mr. Addison's writings, in spite of his depth and originality of thought, have preserved him a place on our shelves. It is quite insufficient to say of him, that he is uniformly perspicuous in his expression. His style rolls along like a transparent stream over a bottom of pearls. While looking through it, you forget that you are doing so, but gaze with undivided vision on the rich creations of his genius, over which it flows. His humor is of that serene and quiet character, with which men of all degrees of passion are ever pleased. There is nothing in him boisterous, and fitful, and extravagant, as in those writers who are conscious of their inability to secure attention, without these glaring and laborious efforts of the pen. While perusing his papers, you seem to be thinking to yourself, with such ease and fluency do you read. It would probably be unjust to say, that every sentence was carefully sounded and measured before it was written down; but, by whatever means effected, the rhythm of each period is as sweet and sonorous as if it had undergone this scrutiny many times. You will scarcely find a single specimen of abruptness in his works. The beginning of each sentence is musically adapted to the preceding one's close; so that, from the first to the last word in a page or paragraph, and the same may be said of entire books, you glide smoothly along with the gentle and unbroken current of his style. To secure this musical flow, and at the same time preserve a just propriety of expression and correctness of thought, requires a habit of reflection and a command of language seldom to be met with in the same man. But Mr. Addison, as I have said, was a thinker of great depth, and then nothing can express his wonderful familiarity with words. In the conveyance of any thought, and therefore in the construction of every sentence, there is really but one set of words adapted to the case. A loose composer will catch at the first word that occurs to him, and, by this means, express an idea different from the one he had conceived. A writer more careful, but unfamiliar with the language in which he writes, will see his wants, but be unable, without evident toil and trouble, to meet them; and thus, through this particular deficiency, his style becomes hard and stiff even to himself. With what admiration, then, are we to look upon that genius, who, with a rich store of original and interesting thoughts, is always ready with the only words that can convey them with precision and beauty to our minds!

We are told by the critics that the art of poetry was invented to aid the memory in the retention of impressions made upon it; since, both by the beat and measure of good verse, as well as by the later addition of assonance, or rhyme, the mind is enabled

easily to recall a line or a stanza, with whatever thought it may contain. If this is true of poetry, why should it not be true equally of prose? Poetry, so far as we are now regarding it, is only prose written down in the rhythmical style; and, consequently, that prose which is most musical, other qualities being equal, makes the deepest and most lasting impression on the mind. It is for this reason, in part, that the style of Mr. Addison is so impressive, and his sentiments and even his language are so readily and lastingly retained. Some authors, like unskillful speakers, to be sure of an impression, will wax into a rage of rhetoric, and pour down a volley of words, as if they would take you by assault; but while the words are flying, and the winged missiles are falling, you take shelter under an assumed insensibility, which covers you like a shield; and, when the battle is over, you are glad that it is so, and have nothing but a confused recollection of the wildness and fury of the storm. Mr. Addison, on the other hand, never seems to be excited, but insinuates himself into your affections by the excellence of his sentiments, the elegance of his manner, and a subdued earnestness of spirit, which everywhere characterize his style.

The impressiveness of that style is clearly established by its effect on the literature of his age. It is also evinced by the influence his writings exerted on the fortunes of his life.

Joseph Addison raised himself to the highest distinction by his works. If any one will take the pains to examine, with a little care and research, the authors who preceded him subsequent to the Reformation, he will find that no uniform style had been established, even by the first class of writers. John Milton, it is true, had redeemed poetry from the low and vulgar; and Dryden had turned it into a useful channel. Other poets, not forgetting the incomparable Shakspeare and Chaucer, had reclaimed the imagination from the exclusive possession of the romancers, and made it once more a sober agent in the civilization of the species. Prior to the time of these great bards, the minstrels of England, the trouvères of France, and the troubadours of the entire south of Europe, but especially of Spain, had filled the world with love songs and ballads, with wild romances drawn from the chivalry of the feudal ages, and with those marvelous fictions which celebrated the fabulous exploits of Charlemagne, of Amadis, and of the Knights of the Round Table. But what Corneille did for France, and Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca for Spain, was accomplished, and perhaps surpassed, by Shakspeare and Milton, for the poetry of the English. But, for sometime after these bards, English prose continued in a most lamentable condition. With but a few exceptions, the best prose writers seemed to run out their sentences, without the slightest care as to their construction. Their style is every way perplexed

and tangled. I have marked a place in one of these old authors, where a single period covers the space of more than two octavo pages; and the passage itself is as remarkable for its turnings, and windings, and twistings, and inexplicable retrocessions and reversions, as the celebrated Cretan labyrinth. These old English authors are famous, also, for their prolixity and grandiloquence of style; and for this reason alone, not to mention many other blemishes of a similar nature, their ablest productions, such as the Intellectual System of Cudworth, a work of unbounded research, have secured only the learned and curious for readers. It is the glory of Addison to have begun a new era. The simplicity, and beauty, and wonderful ease and elegance of his composition roused the attention and taste of the literary world.

If any of my readers should imagine that the talent for fine writing is a birthright, requiring no study, nor pains, nor research, such a theory will find no favor in the history of Mr. Addison's literary habits. As he himself has somewhere remarked of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, so it may be said of him, that no one could be the author of his productions, who was not a master of the entire circle of human science. Where he touches upon the province of either ancient or modern history, he seems to know both with equal accuracy. If his theme requires illustration from biography, he appears to be as familiar with the great men of every age, as if he had been to each one of them a cotemporary. In those papers where he treats of law and government, he writes like one who has thoroughly read every thing in that line, from Ulpian down to Montesquieu. He speaks of the fine arts, of music, poetry, and painting, and very frequently of sculpture, in that particular and original vein, which betrays the most intimate knowledge of his subject. In the common walks of literature, both of the dead and living languages, he was as much at home as in his own garden; and not a flower has bloomed in their most unfrequented retreats, which he has not discovered and culled to adorn his rich garland. Not only the earth beneath, but the very heavens above, with all their planetary movements, were mapped out on his mental vision; and scarcely a star was ever known to rise or set, which does not somewhere throw a lustre upon his pages.

But a man may write well; his sentences may be correctly and even exquisitely finished; they may flow after each other like the ripples of a gentle rivulet, or roll onward like some beautiful transparent river; and yet, like that very rivulet, like that rolling river, the current of his style may be as cold as it is beautiful and clear. When the head only is engaged in a literary production, that production will be as destitute of warmth, as it can be full of beauty. The heart is the seat of all that fire of feeling which gives to every human effort its proper effect and force. The head and the heart maintain two sepa-

rate dynasties in the soul—a kind of *imperia in imperio*—which, though they work apart in many of the ordinary matters of human life, always unite their strength in every great and successful undertaking. Without high moral feeling, no man can do his best. His heart must be in his work; and, what is still more, his heart must be pure and right. A man destitute of these moral qualifications, whatever be his intellectual power, will rarely attain to the highest consideration in the literary world. If a writer be vain, haughty, or highly ambitious in his disposition, or if he is led on by any other improper bias or element of character, he will, without fail, manifest his weakness, and that, too, in a way most likely to mar the beauty of his composition. It is for this reason, as we might learn in the history of every truly great writer, that humility, sincerity, and earnestness, all of which are Christian virtues, are the surest guaranties of success; and that sinking of self in the work undertaken, which constitutes so great a part of the character of a true Christian, I would with emphasis lay down, as the last and lowest foundation of all real distinction in the writer.

Without this moral qualification, a man will be forever reaching after those things which lie entirely beyond him. A laborious effort, like that of a proud man always, will be seen in each line and sentence. His vanity will also incessantly prompt him to exhibit his learning, his wit, or his fancy; and his style will be full of those rank flowers, which always flourish in the imagination of such a writer. His haughtiness will be apt to show itself in a kind of careless vivacity of humor, in a negligent selection of topics, and in a triumphant rounding up of his periods. How different is all this from the sweetness of spirit, simplicity of diction, earnestness of manner, and heartfelt benevolence and sincerity of purpose, so conspicuous on every page of the truly great writer. Some authors, conscious of their deficiency in this respect, have seen the necessity of practicing humility, even though it were without feeling it; but far better is it, and infinitely more promising of success, to possess the substance than to pursue the shadow. Nor should the reader fail to observe, that, in this instance, as in every other, Art itself is more or less perfect, as it is inspired and guided by the spirit and genius of revelation. Christianity would be imperfect, if it did not impart to all its adherents the one thing needful, for every occupation of the intellectual and moral life.

It is impossible to review the life and labors of Mr. Addison, without realizing forcibly the moral power of such a writer. The same qualities of style which gained him one intelligent and impartial admirer, would be equally successful with the world around him. When one was acquired, he had nothing to do, but go on and win the admiration of all who could speak and read his language. But, so far as a people admire a man, to the same extent that



man is virtually their teacher, guide, or lawgiver; and when a whole people conspire to celebrate one of their own number, other nations soon acknowledge his authority, and feel his power. In this manner a great writer gradually gets possession of the public mind, and makes himself master of his age. A book, an article, a line from his pen, is felt through the bounds of the reading world. But his power stops not here. The living generations hand down his name to their descendants, crowned with all honor. When the latter read his productions for themselves, the same causes still producing the same effects, and time having hallowed what it could not destroy, the children learn to reverence what their fathers had but admired. In this way, one age after another is surrendered, and the great writer lives on and reigns in his works. Fashion, which changes all things else, cannot touch the soul. What one age pronounces beautiful, will be acknowledged beautiful for ever. While opinions vary, and philosophy changes, and science makes advances, the laws of taste are unchangeable and eternal. The writer of theories, and those who advocate forms of doctrine, will rise or fall with the fortunes of their peculiar notions; but he who, for the beauty of his composition—for a style founded on the immutable laws of the human mind, gets possession of one age, is sure of all ages. Nothing but the destruction of his native literature and language, or the actual annihilation of his works, can rob him of this reward. But the day is past, when a great language can grow old and die; and the art of printing has embalmed all the works of genius now extant. The numerous dialects of earth are also centering down to a very few. As the great races advance, they sweep off the civilization of the conquered people, and plant their own. Of the two living languages which are now making the conquest of the world, the Anglo-Saxon is decidedly the first; and, by our missionaries, but more by our English Bible, it is being carried into all lands. The time will come when such a writer as Addison, nay, when Addison himself, will be read by unborn millions in every quarter of the globe. When we look upon the moral power he will then exert, how trivial appear to us the short-lived fame of a world of ambitious men! What is it to be, for a brief hour, a president, or a king, compared with this eternal supremacy of genius—this deathless power of mind!

It is a singular fact in the history of the Church, that those Popes who have assumed the title of Innocent, have always been the most wicked, while the Leos, or Lions, have ranked among the most mild, virtuous, and benevolent. But this is nothing new. Men who intend to lead a bad life, will frequently blind the public by high professions; nor is a rough outside the true indication of the mind and man.

## MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

I BELIEVE, reader, I have coined a new word—*miscellania*. It may, however, be an old one, in general circulation, and of legitimate authority. I cannot at present settle the point, for I cannot find my dictionary, if I have any, which is doubtful—it is so long since I saw it. But the word, new or old, suits my present purpose, for two reasons: first, it is less pretending than “Miscellaneous Sketches,” under which I have occasionally appeared the past year. I find, after a year’s experience, that I am no great sketcher after all. In this I have but met the fate of many a much greater man, who has had to try his hand at several successive arts before he found out what he was made for. Secondly, it affords me full scope to discuss any subject, and follow any train of thought that may be presented.

## THE NEW YEAR.

So here we are again, reader, under mutual engagement for another year—I to write, and you to read. Many a pleasant discourse have we held the past year. The subjects of our miscellanies for the next year may be more varied. At present it is natural to indulge in some reflections appropriate to the season. Another year is gone—gone for ever; and with it is gone many a one of the children of earth. The flower, that peeped, at opening spring, on the hill-side, has faded, and the herb which produced it, has perished with the year. Even the old oak has quailed before the lightning, or been uprooted by the tempest, or felled by the woodman’s axe. The insects that made summer cheerful, by their busy hum, sleep to wake no more. And many a sorrowing son of earth has buried with the year his hopes and his heart. Spring will return, and new flowers will come, and the air will buzz, and the earth echo with the sound of insect life; but the places of the loved and the lost can never be filled again.

Incessant are the changes of earth. It seems but yesterday that I, a young and happy boy, was absorbed in the joyous sports of school-boy days. I can hardly believe that the grave and gray-haired men I see, when I visit my native place, are the same persons with whom I used to play in other days. But so it is. Time has laid his frosty fingers on such as are left. And they are few; for the most are gone from earth. Many a family, once large, happy, and all at home, is now scattered and broken up.

I remember a most interesting family, who, some twenty years ago, exerted, in the order of Providence, an important influence on my own destiny. In a quiet, retired nook among the mountains, overlooking a fertile valley below, and commanding a fine view of the mountains above, surrounded by

forest trees, and fruit trees, and shrubbery, and enlivened by the song of numerous birds, stood the family mansion. That mansion is now desolate. The hearth is cold, and no cheerful light streams at evening from the open window. Near the mansion stands an old, dilapidated, forsaken church. By that church is the burial-ground, where the cold marble tells in brief language the history of the family. A double slab, standing erect, records the death of two brothers, whose bodies lie not there. Lovely in disposition, they were united in friendship, like that which bound together the shepherd boy of Palestine and his generous friend, who fell on the mountains of Gilboa. Having, by economy and persevering industry, acquired a classical education, and attracted by motives of interest and of humanity, they made their way to the southwest, and established themselves, as teachers, in New Orleans, a city which has furnished the grave for so many sons of the north. Prospering as they did, successful and useful as they were, they yet forgot not their home and their friends. They had appointed the day to start for their distant home among the hills. The day was at hand, their goods were packed, and their passage engaged, when the pestilence that creeps so insidiously on those who breathe the miasmatic air of the south, was upon them. They both died; and in that city of death, among the promiscuous mass of humanity that there finds a grave, were they buried, and "no man knoweth their sepulchre." Another white slab marks the grave of the father of the family, a man of honor, of piety, and of uncommon sweetness of temper. He cleared away the forest from the very spot where the mansion, the church, and the grave-yard now are, and he saw the wilderness become the fruitful field.

The next record is that of the daughter, twenty years ago the life and joy of the family circle. Like her brothers, she died young, and died in the midst of usefulness. Next and last is the grave of the mother. She was the guardian genius of the household, the ruling star of its destiny. About her path, as she moved quietly along the walks of domestic life, there fell a radiance of affection, of intelligence, and of dignity. Her mind was formed on the model of magnanimous souls. Her spirit was of that benevolent and humane, that pure and lofty character, which serves to mark, in this frail condition of human existence, the exalted nature of man's undying soul. Whoever came within the magic circle of her quiet, unostentatious, yet powerful influence, found himself in a moral atmosphere, which virtue only might breathe. And dull must be the spirit, and cold the heart of him who might not find himself in such an influence a better and a wiser man. But she is gone.

And thus passes human life. I never visit a happy household without feeling sad at the thought of the changes which time must bring on it. I never plant

a tree or a shrub without thinking that it may soon bloom for strangers, while myself and my children may be gone the way of all that is mortal.

#### THE NEW PLANET.

The periodicals inform us of the discovery of a new planet, far beyond the orbit of Uranus. For sometime its existence was suspected, owing to certain disturbances in the motions of Uranus, which could be accounted for only by the existence, in the neighborhood, of some body, whose attraction might produce this effect. A philosopher is said to have calculated the position of the new planet so accurately, that observers might know just where to look for it. The discovery of this planet evinces the certainty and precision of science. Not many ages ago an eclipse of the sun or the moon would strike the world with awe, and even arrest the march of conquering armies. Now eclipses may be calculated, many ages beforehand, so accurately that the event occurs at the very minute predicted. Eclipses, not only of our own moon, but of the satellites of distant planets, are determined with such precision, as to afford the adventurous seaman the means of finding his longitude. A comet suddenly shoots athwart the sky, and is gone. But if it only remain long enough for the philosopher to get his eye upon it, the period of its return, though hundreds or thousands of years distant, may be accurately estimated. And in the late case, the place of a great planet is determined long before it can be seen by philosophic glass. Great are the triumphs of science.

This new planet is only new to us. It is doubtless an old acquaintance in that part of the heavens, having quietly pursued its way for ages. It may be a beautiful world, with hills, and vales, and rivers, and oceans, and verdure, and living beings. But the living beings, what and who are they? Are they human, like us? Do they die there? Alas! weep they, as do we, over the loved and the lost?

This planet is supposed to be at least seventy hundred millions of miles from our earth. Seventy hundred millions of miles! How immense the distance! Why, the railroad car, rushing at its utmost speed over its iron track, would require more than twenty thousand years to reach that lone world. And yet, distant as it is, it is one of our own neighbors, when compared with the thousands of fixed stars, that gleam from the sky on a winter's night. It is warmed by our own sun, and surrounded by the same starry heavens which look down on our earth. Could you, gentle reader, by any means, reach that distant world, and look from its plains on the heavens, you would see, with the exception of the smaller planets, the very same stars, and the same constellations which have been familiar to you from infancy. The Pleiads would still be shedding their sweet influences on you, and Orion and the polar constellation would look forth bright and beautiful in their old habitations.



## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

I SHOULD like to introduce the readers of the Ladies' Repository to the Black River Swamp, in the state of Arkansas, but not till I get to it, nor yet exactly as I was introduced to it myself.

In September, 1836, I left the Queen City, to attend the Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama conferences. It appeared like a long, fatiguing journey to perform on horseback and alone; but there were points in view which could be reached by no other means of conveyance. There might be disease and danger in the course; but I was on lawful business, intimately connected with the welfare of redeemed sinners; and why should any man ever fear to go where duty calls, or remain till his work is done? Moreover, I was well mounted upon *Nick*, a fine pacing gray. He moved as if on elliptic springs, and bore onward with a strength of muscle and power of endurance which excited my admiration. Far removed, not only from wife, children, and friends, but from the crowds of strangers which usually throng the public lines of conveyance, it was a time for reflection on the responsibilities and difficulties of my new relation, and not wholly unimproved. Lonely reflection, however, was soon superseded by practical duties. While in council with the brethren of Tennessee conference, at Columbia, a call made for volunteers to supply the wants of the new conference just set off in the state of Arkansas, was promptly responded to by some noble-hearted, self-sacrificing young ministers. Three of them were ready to bear me company thither, immediately after the final adjournment. Their names were Randle, Duncan, and Simmons. Passing down through the western district of Tennessee, we came on the fresh trail of fourteen thousand Creek Indians, just then removing from Alabama to their new home in the far-off west. At one of their camping places, then vacated, was seen a standing hollow tree, out of the side of which had been taken a slab, by cutting above and below, and splitting it off, and which had been carefully replaced. A citizen, whose neighbors had made examination, informed us, that in the hollow of that tree was a deceased Indian, standing erect, with his gun, blanket, and hunting costume, as he appeared when living. We subsequently saw several of these depositories of their dead. As a matter of convenience, the Indians were separated into companies of fifteen hundred, and a sub-agent assigned to each. We came up with the rear gang in the vicinity of Memphis, were two days passing their extended line of companies, and slept three nights in sight of their camps. No nation of men ever exhibited more powerful muscles than were developed in the persons of the Creek warriors. Like other people, they bore

the marks of inequality. Some had the appearance of abject poverty. Among this class the men rode on ponies, carrying their guns and camp kettles, while the women trudged on foot, bearing heavy packs on their heads, and small children lashed upon their shoulders. A second class were better clad, had a better outfit, and presented more appearance of comfort. The third class, probably formed of the nobility of the nation, were gaudily attired in silk and jewelry, and exhibited the insignia of wealth and office.

After crossing the "Father of waters" at Memphis, we immediately entered the Mississippi Swamp, which, at that point, was forty-two miles across. The track was so worked up by the teams and pack-horses, that we found it more pleasant to avoid it when practicable. For miles together our horses waded, but generally found firm bottom, except about the sloughs, where many tired Indian ponies stuck fast, and were left to perish in the bog, and where our noble animals had to struggle hard to escape the same fate. On the evening of the second day we emerged from the swamp, and crossed the St. Francis river. At a small green bottom two miles beyond the river, two companies of Creeks, numbering some three thousand in all, were camped for the night. We took lodging at a country tavern on the hill, about thirty rods from them. They had nearly as many ponies as people, and almost every poney wore a bell. The camp axes were roaring, dogs and children appeared to be alike abundant and alike noisy. The whole taken together produced a singular confusion of sounds, and presented quite a novel spectacle.

Next morning about daybreak we rode out through the encampment in a northeast direction, on the Batesville road. Having cleared the great swamp, and reached an undulating surface, we congratulated ourselves that the worst of the journey was behind. For some twenty-five miles our course led us over desolate pine and oak ridges, which, nevertheless, formed an agreeable contrast with the sludge from which we had escaped. At noon the rain began to fall slowly, at first, but steadily. In the afternoon we came by a small company of men engaged in raising a corn-crib near to a cabin which seemed to be full, and presented no appearance of comfort, when the following conversation ensued:

"How far is it to the next house?"

"Twenty-one miles, and three more to the tavern."

"What sort of road is it?"

"Not very good, nor bad, just middling."

"Is there any deep water to cross?"

"None that will swim, except Bayou De View, sixteen miles from here, and I don't reckon that will swim quite."

Then among ourselves we held a conference on horseback, the rain still coming down. "It is two

o'clock—say four hours till daylight will be entirely gone. Can we reach the point of difficulty before dark?" "Yes, I think we can." "If we fail to get through, we shall need our dinner by to-morrow." "Well, I have a little piece of corn bread," said one. "And I have part of a sweet potato," said another. "That is as good fare as we can get here," responded a third. It was suggested, if we had to camp out, there was no means of striking fire, but perhaps other campers might have left fire on the way. The case was finally summed up thus: our time in which to reach conference is short; there is no use in staying here in the rain; come on. And onward we went, ignorant of what was before us. In a few minutes our road disappeared under water. What does this mean? Why, the Black River Swamp. "They said last night we should cross it, but it looks worse than we expected." The sludge increased, and the horses sank more and more. Presently, while passing a bad place, Nick, better acquainted with M'Adamized turnpikes than swamps, went down till he was nearly buried alive in quicksand and water. After a long and hard struggle, he came out and brought me with him, but my heavy saddlebags were left behind in the mud. Having recovered them, we resumed the journey, but soon reached another slough, where, to prevent a greater evil, I dismounted, drove the horse, and followed on foot through mud and water to the knees, by which means we made a safe crossing. But the thought of its being twenty miles to the next house, wet and cold, my boots full of water, and the night approaching, was not very cheering. It was about the last of October. The climate was supposed to be unhealthy. We had fairly entered a dismal swamp thirty-two miles wide, and in consequence of heavy rains, unusually full of water. Instead of traveling five miles an hour, as we had expected, our horses were unable to make three. The beaten track was the least dangerous, as it always is over quicksand; but for miles together it was wholly under water, varying in depth from six inches to three feet, and the bottom little more than a continuous quagmire, as deep as the horses could struggle through. While daylight lasted, we could follow the trace by the old blazes on the sides of the trees; but night closed in upon us long before we reached the main point of difficulty, and the rain still increasing. We lost the track, our feet dragged through brushwood, and the morass shook beneath us; but giving the affrighted horses loose rein, they returned to it. Again we took the wrong direction, and went plunging through water and alder bushes, in danger every moment of being engulfed in quicksand, but, after sometime, found our road once more. A conference was then called, to discuss the question, "Shall we give it up, or try to proceed?" It was a solemn conference; and though darkness and storm prevailed without, order and peace were maintained within. The sum

of our conversation was briefly this: to stay here all night, wet, cold, and hungry, without shelter, without fire, or a foot of dry ground on which to stand, is perilous: to proceed was only perilous; and the conclusion was, to try it again. After losing and regaining the beaten way a third time, at last coming to a bank of sand, and then a rapid descent of some feet to a sheet of deep water, we inferred that we were at the margin of the much-dreaded Bayou De View. The bill of direction was, to enter near a large tree, bear up to the point of an island, then forming an angle downward, steer for a projecting log on the opposite shore. But, alas! under the lofty trees and lowering clouds, the darkness was such that we could not see the animals on which we rode. What was to be done? To encounter the turbid stream at random was bordering on presumption; to wait for daylight, when the stream was rising, was discouraging, and might defeat our whole enterprise. As it was a case in which life might be involved, a regular vote was taken, by calling the roll, and it was unanimous in favor of going ahead. It was also agreed that I should be commander. The line was promptly formed as follows: brother Randle, having a steady horse, and being a light rider, was to lead off, brother Simmons second, the writer third, and brother Duncan was to bring up the rear. It was further ordered to keep two rods apart, so that if we struck a swim, every man might have sea-room, and a chance for life. "All ready?" "Yes." "Proceed. Cry soundings." "Knee deep—up to the girt—midsides—steady—over the withers, but still feel bottom—more shallow now. Here is the point of the island." "Very well. Now form an angle to the left—down stream is easy." The latter channel was no deeper than the former, and all made safe landing. Thanks to kind Providence!

Our next direction was, to leave the old trace here, turn down the bayou some distance without any road, so as to intersect a new way, which had been recently cut out, starting from a point lower down. Between the ford and the new way we tore through brushwood, leaped over logs, and plunged into sloughs, at the risk of our limbs, but finally reached the road, when our horses gladly resumed the proper course. It was, to our great mortification, soon ascertained that the new way was more miry than the old. As we could see nothing, our quadrupeds had all the credit for keeping the road. Presently brother Randle's horse was heard plunging at a fearful rate for sometime, when he announced a very dangerous place, "water up to midsides, and the bottom very boggy." Brother Simmons next put in, and was glad when he got out. He advised me to veer to the left—it might be better, and he thought could be no worse. It proved to be unfortunate advice, as it threw me on to a heap of logs, that had been rolled in to fill up a deep and dangerous bog, but which were then all afloat. Nick had a terrible scuffle over



them. Once his foot hung fast, twice the water rolled over him, and the rider was well nigh unhorsed; but finally he righted, and brought me out unhurt. Taking a position as nearly as I could guess opposite to where the others crossed, I called to brother Duncan to steer by my voice, and put in. He came near sticking fast, but received no damage. At a late period of the night, while groping amid darkness that could be felt, mingled with incessant showers, we were suddenly aroused by the joyful note, "A light! a light!" Approaching as near as some unseen obstruction allowed, we hailed. An old lady came to the door and demanded, "Who is there?" "Travelers." "Ah! I thought my sons had got back from bear hunting." "No, madam, we are strangers, have been belated in the swamp, and wish to know if you will shelter us the balance of the night." "Why, la! me, I wouldn't turn off a dog such a night as this." Securing the horses to the trees, we joyfully entered the cabin of poles, about sixteen feet long and fourteen wide. The chimney was unfinished. There was a place for a hearth, but it was not filled up, and the fire was down in a hole some eighteen inches below the puncheons. Four of us, with our wet baggage, added to the family, and two other strangers that were there before us, scarcely left us room to turn round. At midnight we made a comfortable dinner on pork and corn-dodger; and having dried off a little, we held our evening prayers at two o'clock in the morning, and quietly laid us down to sleep, grateful for our kind reception. About daylight we asked the old lady for our bill, which was two dollars. When we inquired if she meant two dollars each, she said, "La! me, I should be rich if I had that much. I mean two dollars for all four." Having completed our preparation, we resumed the swamp, but the limbs of our animals were so lacerated by maple roots and cypress knees, that they took it very reluctantly. We reached the Cash river tavern with hard toiling in an hour and a half, the distance being three miles, where the landlady, in the absence of her husband, first served us with breakfast, and then ferried us over the river. When the boat had crossed the rapid channel, she grounded on the bank, which was entirely inundated; so that we had no alternative but to mount in the boat and leap over the bow into the water. Eight miles more of wading and plunging, which consumed just four hours, brought us out of the Black River Swamp at Litchfield, thankful that we were alive.

After reaching solid ground, and obtaining lodgings, our first concern was to unpack our clothes, books, and papers, and dry them. This done, we preached, exhorted, and held prayer meeting in the village of Litchfield, where the inhabitants received us kindly, and requested regular preaching, which was of course provided for them. Our little party felt toward each other like a band of patriot soldiers, who

had endured a hard and hazardous campaign together, and we distributed among ourselves small presents, as mementos of our mutual regard and providential deliverance. The last I knew of my companions in travel, they were all zealous and successful ministers of Christ. May they severally receive the crown of life!

In this narrative there is not a particle of fiction, nothing thrown in to fill up a chasm, but much omitted to shorten the article. Every man who adventured himself into that swamp in the condition it was then in, did it at his peril. Had I been offered one thousand dollars to retrace my steps, it would have been no temptation. Only for reliance on the providence of God, I should have despaired of getting safely out. In all the course of my life I have seldom, if ever, felt such a spirit of prayer and enjoyed such a power of faith in God, as I did during the perils of that, to me, memorable night. How we were to be delivered, I did not know, nor feel concerned to know, but felt the most unshaken confidence that God in his own way would bring us safely through. And after obtaining that confidence, I felt more of the spirit of rejoicing than is usual for me, even under more favorable circumstances. Such was the beginning of my first regular tour on what is sometimes called "the big circuit;" but I am happy to add, it was not a fair specimen of my journeyings, even in that new country.

IDEA OF CREATION AND SALVATION.

BY A MUTE.

In the following correspondence, we present one of the finest examples of the triumph of modern science and humanity ever published. It will both interest and instruct many of our readers. They will here see what modern enterprise, guided and impelled by the genius of Christianity, has done and is doing for the suffering members of the race. History gives no evidence that any one of our existing institutions of benevolence, by which such an amount of human misery is alleviated or removed, was ever known to the most enlightened nations of antiquity. Prior to the coming of our Lord, natural blindness, deafness, and all the ordinary forms of inherited disease, were supposed to be so many monuments of the particular sinfulness of parents and their posterity; and, consequently, those most in need of the warm charities of our nature, were most abandoned to their helpless agony. But Jesus, in due time, came. From him the world learned the lesson, that neither the sufferer nor his parents had necessarily committed particular sins; but that the glory of God was to be manifested, in raising these unfortunate beings to the highest degree of happiness, which they may be prepared to appreciate and enjoy. What Jesus did by miracle, modern Christianity is endeavoring to imitate, as far as possible, by scientific zeal and Christian enterprise.—Ed.

*German township, July 1, 1846.*

DEAR SARAH JANE,—I have just read a copy of your letter to A. F., Esq. It would afford me great pleasure to have a copy of that containing your

views upon the questions following: 1. Your feelings and views, prior to your education, relative to creation, salvation, and the great Author of both. 2. What they are now relative to the same things, and, as nearly as you can, give the contrast, and you will place under lasting obligations your sincere friend and brother in Christ Jesus,

H. CLAY DEAN.

MISS SARAH JANE CORE.

A. F., Esq.,—I received your friendly letter from Doylestown, Ohio, of the 12th of November last. In answer, I can say, I have some recollection of your teaching school at our school-house before I went to Philadelphia. But many and strange things have since occupied my mind; for, as you are aware, I am one of those people who are bereft of hearing, and, consequently, of speech. "Even so, heavenly Father, it seemed good in thy sight!" But my lot was mercifully cast in an age of education and Christian enterprise, and I might almost say of miracles. I can now understand what the inspired prophet Isaiah foretold, when he said, "The ears of the deaf shall be opened, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

But I will endeavor to answer your questions. 1. What my views were before I was educated. I answer, they were so mixed and confused it is hard to relate them. Could you talk to me by signs, I could better make you understand. The mute is often at a loss for words.

I was ignorant of every thing except such things as I learnt the use of by the sight of the eye. I had much curiosity to look at every thing. I was very anxious to know things I could not understand. I saw my friends talking, but I saw the animals were silent and did not use their tongues as men do. I was extremely anxious to see many curiosities in the sky, to which I wished to fly like a bird. But I was very much disappointed. I formed an idea that there was a great man in a beautiful chair, who had a long white beard, and was dressed in white. He was highly favored to send water from the sky through numerous little holes, that were opened and then shut by many soldiers.

I was very much delighted with the moon, perceiving that it had a face like a beautiful lady that was very mild. I was very sorry to see it go down. I thought it would protect us from danger. I was always delighted with the rainbow, but did not know what it was, till I was educated, and told it was

"The presence of God in symbols sublime;  
His vow from the flood to the exit of time."

I did not know why ministers and my friends attended to worship. I thought it was a habit agreeable to them. I had no idea they were addressing a Spirit. I knew nothing about the necessity and importance of being born again. I saw Jesus Christ on the cross, and angels in the pictures of the Bible

and other books. But I did not know who and what they were. When papa took me to Philadelphia, at eleven years of age, and left me amongst strange pupils, I did not know that they were all deaf and dumb as well as myself. Nor did I know that they had names. I was much surprised when I was taught I had a name, and that it was Sarah Jane Core. I often looked for my papa or friends to come back, but I saw none of them for nearly six years.

When papa came I did not know him, nor did he know me. I was sorry to leave my teachers and companions, but wanted to see mother, brothers, and sisters. But when I came home, it all looked strange. I soon wanted to go back, for the teachers and pupils were all so kind to me, and they could talk to me. When Sabbath came, I was so sorry that I could not meet with them in the chapel room, and see Mr. Hutten, the principal, explain the Scriptures.

I go to church here, but not with the same satisfaction. I look on Christians here as highly favored. I compare them going to church to some fine vessel sailing up the Delaware under a pleasant gale and near to port, while I, in my little bark, am humbly sailing after.

I know, when I get to church, I cannot hear what others do, but I can read it is the place where God records his name, and meets with his people to bless them.

2. If any change has taken place in my mind, what produced it. I answer, it was light breaking in as education progressed. It was the Scripture, being read and explained, that taught me I was born in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, and that nothing but Christ and him crucified could cleanse me. I read the Bible and other good books to learn these things. But I know many people do not love Christ, nor try to obey him. They go on in sin, and must perish, unless they read good books, and pray to God to pardon them—which I wish he would do now.

I have endeavored to write you an answer to your letter. I grant your request to use it as you see proper, believing, as I do, no gentleman or lady will comment on a mistake in the composition of a mute. I have nothing farther. SARAH JANE CORE.

#### SOMETHING SINGULAR.

THERE is a singular association of the number eighteen with the prominent incidents in the life of Napoleon. The engagement from which he assumed the consulate—that of Torliua on the river Beresina; the battles of Leipsic and of Waterloo, were all fought on the *eighteenth* of the month. On that day, also, his corpse was landed on St. Helena, and on the *eighteenth* the Belle Poule sailed with his remains for France!



## A SKETCH.

BY ANNIE.

"Ye are at rest, and I in tears,  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres;  
Under the poplar boughs I stand,  
And mourn our broken household band.  
Holy ye were, and good, and true:  
No change can cloud my thoughts of you;  
Guide me, like you, to live and die,  
And reach my Father's home on high."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE light was gradually fading in the west, and the cool breeze of evening succeeding the sultry heat of a summer day, when we directed our course to the cottage which adorns the estate of Ellerstein. There dwelt much-loved friends, of whose welfare we were anxious to hear. Long had we been absent from our own home, and, during the period, no tidings had reached us of those endeared ones. Our path lay through a romantic valley, whose beauties we might at another time have lingered to observe, but now we bestowed hardly a thought on the picturesque scenery which surrounded us.

We were longing to receive the welcome which always greeted us on our arrival at Ellerstein, and to be assured, from their own lips, that our lovely friends were in health. And fancy pictured the yet beautiful widow listening to melodious strains which the harp was wont to give, when its chords were touched by the fair hands of Alice, or her cousin Ella. Or, perhaps, they wandered together in the groves of Ellerstein, and discoursed of the better land, whither the children of the Most High are hastening. We reached the cottage. The jessamine, closely twining around the pillars, yielded its fragrance to the evening air. The roses clustered as thickly as ever, the gentle zephyrs sighed through the foliage of the trees, and all seemed even lovelier than when we left Ellerstein.

We entered the open door, and a painful fear that there was a cause for the stillness which reigned around, weighed heavily upon our spirits. At length, seeing a well-known domestic approaching, we were about inquiring if all was well; but, ah! the hushed fall of his footstep—the sorrowing look, told, in language not to be mistaken, that death was there. His heart was too full for words; and slowly we followed him to an apartment hallowed by sweet associations. Here we learned that, as spring gave place to summer, the gentle Ella departed to that land where "everlasting spring abides;" for consumption had made her its victim.

And next Alice drooped, for grief had filled her heart, and she had sunk beneath its weight like some crushed floweret. She was lingering now on the borders of the grave, and we had come in time to say "adieu." We wept in bitterness of spirit; for all around us betokened that one had gone, and of the other it would soon be said, "She sleepeth." The

harp was there, but its chords would never more give music to the touch of Alice and her cousin. The favorite flowers drooped—the open volume had not been closed since the eyes of Alice rested there; and the poor canaries forgot to sing in their loneliness. All was silence, save one Æolian harp which, with plaintive melody, seemed to say,

"But yesterday thine eyes were bright  
As rays that fringe the early cloud;  
Now, closed to life, to love, and light,  
Wrapped in the winding-sheet and shroud,  
Shall darkly o'er thee brood the pall,  
While faint and low thy dirge is sung,  
And warm and fast around thee fall  
Tears of the beautiful and young."

We entered the room where Alice lay so changed, and yet so happy. A lingering beam of light glanced through the western windows, and lit the face of the dying—so soon, like *that*, to disappear. She had been brought hither, that she might bid farewell to nature, before her spirit winged its flight to "nature's God." And there she lay—the raven blackness of her unconfined hair contrasting strangely with the fair complexion upon which even now a death-like paleness rested. The dark eyes were lit with a strange brightness, as she gave one lingering look at hill and valley, and the long lashes drooped on the snowy cheek, as we heard her whispering, "Eye hath not seen the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." There was one kind look of recognition to those who had come to see her die—one long pressure of her mother's hand, as she bent over her in speechless agony, and the spark of life returned to its fountain. The brittle thread which bound her to earth was broken, and she soared away to immortality. Shall we see thee no more, beloved one?

The sods of the valley may cover you, and for awhile ye shall rest where darkness has dominion; but the night and the darkness shall pass away, and a glorious morning shall dawn. Ye are not lost, but gone before; for the God of nature was loved as the God of salvation; and ye are safely landed on the fair shores of the celestial Eden.

"Farewell! farewell! there is a morn  
That gives no place to night;  
There is a life whose glorious dawn  
Reveals a heaven of light."

SCANDAL is a compound word, derived from the verb to scan, or canvass, and from the verb dally, to play with. Its guise is of levity—its essence of bitterness. In its practice treacherous and deceitful, it illustrates the cat with her prey; for

"She doth play,  
And after slay."

It likewise, in its effects, reminds us of the fable of the boys and the frogs, that is, "This may be sport to you, but it is death to us." Of slander, it is the exponent and organ.

## MYSTERIOUS ANTICIPATION.

There is in the history of the following lines, a mournful and mysterious interest. It is said that the writer (the wife of a Presbyterian minister) has given, in this sketch, an exact description of her own death-scene as it afterward occurred. The circumstances, of time and place, scenery and language, are all given—as if she had been permitted to contemplate her last end in the light of prophetic vision. But, allowing for differences of time, is it not in reality a privilege of all saints, thus to realize a prospective victory over death? And is not this the reason that, like the fair authoress, they are able to adopt the following triumphant motto? E. M'CLURE.

“O, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?”

BY MRS. CAROLINE LANE.

THE sacred dawn of holy time was near:  
Softly and sweetly fell the summer dew  
From evening's silver wings, that hovered o'er  
This smiling earth. Star after star looked down  
So bright, they seemed to speak the joy of heav'n  
When angels bear a ransomed spirit home.  
Hush'd was the murmuring breeze, and e'en the  
sound  
Of waterfalls, like music soft, was borne  
Along the shady vale.

Slow from a cot,  
O'erarched by bending elms, ascended up  
Full many a curling wreath of smoke, that waved  
A silence as it roll'd along; for there  
The dying lay. Unlike the dreariness  
Of night—unlike the darkness of the tomb,  
Was this sad scene; for with the mournful tear  
Of death, the tear of joy was mingled too.  
Lovely, though cold and pale, and silent long  
She lay, while bending o'er her pillow, stood  
The young and beautiful, who early hoped  
Life's thorny road to walk with her. At length,  
Increasing sighs her peaceful slumbers broke,  
One hand she placed in his, and heavenward raised  
Her eyes, as if her soul was anchored there;  
While nature's tie bound down her spirit meek  
To earth.

“O, must we, *must* we part so soon?  
Yes, I must leave you for a little while  
To linger here, lonely and sad, while oft  
Upon my moldering turf the cherished tear  
Will fall. Ah, no! see you that beaming light?  
You will not be alone. He on whose breast  
My dying head reclines, will never leave  
You friendless, while on Him you cast your care.  
Peaceful will glide your days: no sultry sun  
Will smite your cheek, nor wintry moon-beams chill  
Your ardent heart. Or, should some clouds around  
You gather, like the morning mist, his smile  
Will soon the gloom dispel. And when you cross  
The dark, *dark* valley where I go, O then  
Jesus will be your guide, and we shall meet  
To part no more.

Then go, weep o'er a world  
In sin, and tell of Jesus' name—weep not  
For me, for I am happy, and I soon  
Shall be at rest.”

Then from her withered hand  
She drew her ring, and as she gave it, gleamed  
A smile upon her cold and pallid cheek,  
Like evening's beauteous twilight on the west.  
Gently she closed her fading eyes, as if  
A peaceful dream came o'er her; and while all  
Were waiting for a last, a long farewell,  
The Sabbath dawned—*her spirit was in heaven.*

## WE MAY NOT GO BACK.

BY A. HILL.

WE may not go back—how reluctant soever  
We journey along in our pathway of pain:  
Time's current sets onward, and never, O never  
Can mortals return to their starting again.  
We may not go back: the career of our folly  
Will cease when life ceases, if never before;  
The good and the brave ones—the sad and the grave  
ones,  
Are all passing on, to return here no more.  
We may not go back, though infirmities press us,  
And deep carking care like a serpent may gnaw—  
Though kindred may weep, and our loved ones ca-  
ress us,  
And all the soft links of affection may draw.  
We may not go back, though the bones of our kin-  
dred  
Are bleaching all white on the warm desert sands;  
For the caravan moves, and will not be hindered,  
Nor stop by the way in these desolate khans.  
We may not go back, though dark guilt is upon us,  
And blood stains our hands with its criminal dye—  
Though the hardened may jeer, and the virtuous  
shun us,  
And kinsfolk and friends from our presence may  
fly.  
We may not go back, though reluctant we linger,  
And pine for the days of our years to return;  
For wherever we look, Time's significant finger  
Points steadily on to the traveler's bourne.  
We may not go back, but move onward for ever:  
The ocean we sail has nor bottom nor shore:  
When once we have lunched our frail barks, we may  
never  
Return to the scenes of the past any more.  
We may not go back; for the Power that impels us,  
Is the same that moves onward the world in its  
track;  
And the whispering voice of our destiny tells us—  
No mortal, once started, can ever go back.



## GOD IN CONNECTION WITH THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BY REV. H. SAFF.

WONDERS are multiplying upon our hands. Every day brings the intelligence of new discoveries being made in some department of the sciences and arts. This is an age in which the human mind is wonderfully and peculiarly active. And in the main this mind appears to be directed in search of facts in science, combinations in mechanics and arts, principles in politics and philosophy, which are calculated to exert a beneficial influence upon our common humanity, and be elements to enter into the composition of a pure and noble civilization. Old forms and modes of thought are vigorously attacked—old dogmas in government fearlessly examined and repudiated—old principles in science swept away and new ones made to supply their place; and new implements and structures in mechanics are taking the place of those which have been used for centuries. While contemplating these things, questions like the following pass through the mind: Is this the work of the unaided human intellect? Is there no God, or providence of God, superintending these extraordinary developments of mind? Do we still live in him, move in him, work in him, and in him have our being? Does he work all things after the counsel of his own will?

The assistance rendered by the eternal Spirit to the human mind, in the discoveries it has made, and is making, in the arts and sciences, may not be sufficiently recognized. There is an evident disposition on the part of man to place God at too great a distance from his sphere of action. Like the Athenian philosophers, we still seem incapable of entertaining a proper conception of the great truth, that "in God we live, and move, and have our being," and also incapable of acknowledging that "every good gift and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

Believing in the exercise of a minute as well as general providence over man and his works by the Creator, we propose an examination of the question, *Has the Spirit of God any connection with the human mind, affording it genius, strength, or inspiration, and thereby assisting in the discoveries made in the arts and sciences which now bless our world?*

By science, is meant certain principles, or truths, or self-evident facts, relating to any subject in the physical universe. By art, is meant skill, dexterity, or the power of performing certain works—the disposition or modification of things by human skill—a system of rules, serving to facilitate the performance of certain actions.

The following reasons are presented to induce conviction in the affirmative of the preceding question:

1. The Bible has the record of several works of

mechanical skill, constructed under the direct supervision and direction of the divine Being. The ark, for the salvation of Noah and his house, and those beasts of the field and fowls of the air which could not tenant the ocean—the first work of naval architecture in the history of the art, was built under the immediate direction of God. And is it not more reasonable that man received from this work his first lesson of building the ship and ploughing the deep, than he learned it from the little and fragile nautilus that floats in Grecia's classic seas? or the bird beautifully ploughing the ocean of air above him? Would not this stupendous work be remembered by the descendants of Noah? and may not the early Phœnician mariner have journeyed to Ararat, to have viewed this ship, made under the direction of God, which ploughed the world of waters, and braved their might and fury? The tabernacle, ark of the covenant, with their implements, and the temple on Moriah, were built under the instruction and supervision of the great Architect of the universe. And more time was employed in giving instruction to Moses, and showing the patterns after which the sacred implements were made, than was employed in making this great globe of ours—its immense oceans of air and water—its splendid rivers and thundering cataracts, and raising its mountains, and delving its vales.

2. The chief mechanics employed in building the tabernacle and ark of the covenant, were, for that express purpose, inspired of God: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bazaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah. And I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship. And I, behold I, have given him Aholiab, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted *I have put wisdom*, that they may make all that I have commanded thee." The plans and drawings of the Jewish temple were given by the "inspiration of the Spirit." "Then David gave to Solomon, his son, the patterns of the porch, and the houses thereof, and the treasures thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the place of the mercy-seat. And the pattern of all that *he had by the Spirit*, of the courts of the house of the Lord," 1 Chron. xxviii, 11, 12.

3. The general agency of the Spirit of God upon mankind. The Holy Spirit is recognized as being abroad in our world, acting upon human beings for the purpose of restraining their passions, inspiring their affections, warning their consciences, quickening their intellects, directing their thoughts, testifying to the truth of Christ, and drawing men to him. It moves abroad like the atmosphere, or the light upon human beings, and greatly enlightens their intellectual and vitalizes their moral powers. Every age and generation have been under the

influence of this mighty agent. And what do we conceive, at this period of our history, would have been the moral and intellectual condition of our race, had the healing, inspiring, and soothing influences of the Spirit of God been withheld from the minds of men? We would have resembled the earth in its unfinished state, before the eternal Spirit brooded upon it and marshaled it into order, or breathed into it and filled its ocean depths and airy heights with life and loveliness; ay, we would have been in a forlorn and hopeless state, with intellectual powers enervated and spiritual powers besotted—wickedness and darkness would have universally prevailed among men. Our world would have been a pandemonium. I compassionate that man who would free himself, or deny to the needy human intellect the softening and inspiring influences of the Spirit.

It is apparent from the preceding citations, that man received from the Almighty his first lesson in naval architecture; and that subsequently he inspired him with genius or wisdom for the execution of delicate and noble mechanical structures. It cannot have passed the notice of the diligent student of the Bible, that it contains frequent allusions to principles in astronomy, physiology, chemistry, and other sciences; and these, too, at a period as to preclude a doubt of their having been revealed before the genius of man discovered them. The fact of a connection with the arts and sciences, on the part of the Creator, being established, we may proceed to trace the reasons of our great Parent's thus connecting himself with the genius of man.

It was a remark of Coleridge, that the arts and muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed. However, it is not precisely thus in the history of the arts and sciences. Most of them have commenced in the very dawn of the nations, but frequently have remained in an immature state, or progressed slowly until the nations have arrived at their zenith, and commenced their decay, when they have exhibited their greatest perfection, and appear as if they would act the savior, and rescue a people from ruin. This will enable us to conclude that the wisdom and beneficence of God imparted the first lessons, or raised up and imparted genius to the fathers or progenitors of the arts and sciences in the beginning of the nation's history, and as they have advanced toward maturity, continued to impart to chosen men genius, that they might keep pace with the nation's progress. Thus we may suppose that Jubal received wisdom to play upon the harp and organ, and Tubal-cain as an artificer in brass and iron. It is not presumed that much proficiency would be made at this early period in these arts, unless divine assistance were rendered, or they brought their knowledge from Paradise; yet we find that Jubal was a father in musical sounds and numbers, and that Tubal-cain was

the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. The arts having this early and advantageous commencement, we may suppose, as the progenitors of the race spread abroad upon the face of the earth, to found empires, build cities, and establish commerce, they progressed toward perfection and exercised a civilizing influence upon mankind. The nodding column of the desert cities, and the exhumed remains brought forth by the antiquary, is evidence of this, and but confirms the sad account of the historian, of the departed glory of the nations. The Hebrews and Greeks, at an early period in their history, had their celebrated poets, musicians, painters, and sculptors; and as they filled their destiny and passed away, their places were supplied by others not less distinguished. This has been the history of most of the civilized and enlightened nations of ancient and modern times. What does this declare to us? evidently, that God in his wisdom, for the good of the great mass, for their enlightenment and civilization, has, in every period or age, raised up men to whom he has imparted, in large measure, the genius of poetry, philosophy, sculpture, painting, music, mechanics, and architecture. This opinion is strengthened in view of the fact, that every nation and age are led and instructed by a few master minds. A Galileo, Newton, M. Angelo, Arkwright, Fulton, Morse, will strike out in a path of newly discovered science and art, and carry a nation, or even the civilized world in their train. One or two geniuses in the republic of letters will give character to the literature of a nation. So in the arts. Is there no providence of God in this? It is a feature of our religious feeling, to recognize a divine agency with the discoveries and improvements which, in successive ages, appear among men. We look at this agency as entering every branch of art and department of science that have a humanizing and ennobling influence. We ask, then, whence did David, the Hebrew minstrel, and Mozart, the German, acquire those wonderful powers in the science of harmony, as to enable them, in their youth, to soothe the angry spirit of the monarch of Israel, and astonish the kings and queens and nobles of Europe? Did they inherit from their progenitors the powers of the fabled lyre of Orpheus, which moved the surrounding rocks, and enchanted the listening trees with its minstrelsy, or obtain power from on high? From whence did Apelles, M. Angelo, and Raphael obtain the peculiar genius to direct their pencils, and bring forth those imperishable specimens of art, and Phidias the skill to direct the chisel so exquisitely as to make the cold marble resemble the most delicate and manly of the animated human form? or Newton the genius to discover and trace the laws of a universe, and Fulton his ideas of that power to propel those huge vessels through the waters as "a thing of life," and Morse his thoughts of sending news on the lightning's wings? Count us not



heretical when we say, from the Spirit of God—from that sublime Agent which breathes life, and beauty, and glory upon every form of animated existence—which breathed upon the Greeks, and inspired their artists with genius to produce those noble specimens of painting, statuary, and architecture—models for all ages, and the admiration and wonder of the world. The agency of the Spirit, as it has been exercised and developed in the providential government of Jehovah, is wonderful. We gaze upon it with astonishment. God chose the Jews to be the depository of a code of laws and system of ceremonial and spiritual worship, through which he intended to bless the race. And for this purpose he raised up, at different periods, men whose eyes he unsealed, and whose minds he filled with visions and prophecies with regard to the coming history of man, and a morality as pure as a jet of life from the throne. Daniel, under this agency, is enabled to walk amidst the empires of the world, as they rise and fall, and mark the phases of their grandeur and degradation. Isaiah and Ezekiel have visions of the drapery of the Eternal, which is presented to their astonished visions; and their minds are carried forward to a period in the history of the Church and of the world when the glory of the Lord shall cover them as the waters cover the sea. And all the prophets of the nation, from Moses, who instituted the old, to John, who was wrapt up in the last visions of the new sanctuary, hymned the advent and triumph of the Messiah, and taught mankind the purest system of worship and practical morality. Thus we see that God intended the Jews to be the teachers of mankind in religion and morality; and for this purpose he inspired chosen men. We trace, also, a wise design in his raising up the Greeks and other nations of antiquity, with whom he appears to have deposited the *genius* of song, of poetry, of eloquence, and the arts, notwithstanding we acknowledge that the wisdom which guided their master painters, and sculptors, and architects was *different and inferior* to that *inspiration* imparted to the Jewish prophets. One was religious, the other artistical. One line of chosen men he called, and inspired with wisdom, to beautify the souls of men, and fill the world with pure spiritual worship—the other to beautify their habitations, and adorn the world with the noblest and most elegant specimens of art and taste. It is, therefore, the fault of man, and not of the agencies, that the world is not filled with worship and adorned with beauty and glory.

This view clothes the arts and sciences, already interesting, with additional charms. We here see the origin of that art which adorned Egypt with pyramids, Greece with temples, Rome with baths and amphitheatres, and the world with its princely palaces and towering castles. The same God who gave to David the pattern of the temple, filled the great men of all times with the illuminations of his guiding

VOL. VII.—3

Spirit. Our admiration of the virtues and mental endowments of the benefactors of our race is increased; and we feel an additional interest in seeking an acquaintance with the progenitors of the sciences and arts.

"Then studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;  
Sages of ancient times, as gods rever'd,  
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
With arts, . . . and humanized a world."

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

READER, let us discourse of science a little. I will not give you my name now, but wait to see whether you will be pleased to accompany me in a scientific excursion. If you be pleased with this excursion, we will take another. But if you find this uninteresting, I will trouble you no more with this class of subjects.

### VOLCANOES.

What are usually called volcanoes, are openings made in the earth's crust by internal fires. Through these openings there are thrown out, either constantly or at intervals, smoke, vapor, flame, and melted rock, called lava. Sometimes there are thrown out torrents of mud and boiling water.

Volcanoes are most frequent in the neighborhood of the sea, or of large lakes. Sometimes they break out from unfathomable depths beneath the surface of the ocean, and form new islands. When a volcano is about to break out in a new place, the surface of the ground becomes heated, swells, and bursts. Through the opening thus made are thrown up masses of rock and lava, which choke up a part of the opening, which is frequently enormously large at first, and confines the eruption to one aperture, around which conical hills or mountains are formed. The concave space in the centre, through which the eruptions continue, is called the *crater*. The eruptions are attended usually by explosions resembling the firing of cannon. Some travelers compare these explosions to deep muttering thunder; but so far as I can learn, by personal inquiry of those who have visited *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, they are more short and violent than thunder usually is. These explosions are succeeded by red colored flames, showers of stones, and lastly melted rock or lava, pouring out at the top, or over the mountain side. Frequently all the neighboring country is overwhelmed with the shower of stones and ashes, or the melted *lava*. The fires of volcanoes do not bear much analogy to the process of combustion so familiar to us. It is not a fire kindled up by wood or coal, or any other combustible material with which we are generally acquainted. There is nothing of what we usually call *fuel* in the volcano. The fire

is produced by a chemical action between substances existing beneath the surface of the earth. A few illustrations will be sufficient to show you what we mean by chemical action. If you pour a drop of nitric acid, usually called aquafortis, on a piece of iron, chemical action ensues—the iron grows hot, and the acid eats a hole in it. If you mix together sulphuric acid and water, so intense a heat will be raised that you cannot hold in your hand the dish in which the materials are mixed. If you pour water on burned lime, chemical action ensues, and so great a heat is raised as to set on fire wood, or any other combustible that happens to be present. Should water have access to potassium, a substance which, united with oxygen, forms potash, of which soap is made, a most brilliant fire is immediately kindled up. Electrical operations, you know, produce great heat. The galvanic battery will produce a heat far greater than that of boiling water. Now all these substances, which, thus united with water, enter into such powerful chemical action, and produce such high degrees of heat, exist constantly beneath the surface of the earth. When not exposed to the influence of the air or of water, they may continue in a quiescent state. But let, by any means, the waters of the ocean get access to any of these substances, and a powerful heat, which nothing can resist, is at once produced. The heat becomes so great as to melt the rocks, which no artificial fire can do. At the same time the water, which caused the fire, is itself converted into steam. The expansive power of steam throws up from the crater the lava. This process is continued so long as the water can find fresh materials to operate on. When it ceases from any cause, it may again recommence action, as soon as the obstructing cause is removed.

The seat of the volcano is not in the mountain, but deep in the interior of the earth. The mountain itself is usually formed gradually by the matter poured from the crater. The crater of the volcano is nothing but the chimney, through which the fire, smoke, vapor, and lava find their way to the atmosphere. This is proved from the enormous mass of matter, which a volcano in a series of years may pour out. It was estimated in 1669, that if the matter which *Ætna* had thrown out, could be all collected, it would form a mass twenty times as large as the mountain itself. Yet nine years afterward the same mountain covered with a fresh current of lava eighty-four square miles; and again, six years after that, the same volcano poured out another stream of lava twelve miles in length, a mile and a half in breadth, and two hundred feet high. If, therefore, the seat of the volcano had been *Ætna* itself, the mountain would have long since exhausted itself, and its broken fragment would have tumbled into the abyss. It is evident, therefore, that the seat of the fire is not in the mountain, but deep in the

earth. The volcano is not the furnace, but only the chimney.

Of the remarkable eruptions of volcanoes recorded in history, we can only select a few. I hardly need mention a fact so well known to you as the memorable eruption of *Vesuvius* in the year 79, by which *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum*, cities at its base, were overwhelmed. *Pompeii*, a city whose walls were three miles in circumference, was, with its streets, and houses, and temples, and no one knows how many of its inhabitants, buried so deep beneath a mass of ashes and lava, that for seventeen centuries its place was unknown.

One of the most extraordinary volcanic eruptions recorded in history occurred in 1815, in the island of *Sumbawa*, in the Indian Ocean. At *Java*, though three hundred miles distant, the sky was overcast at noonday with clouds of ashes—the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere which his rays could not penetrate. Showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields to the depth of several inches. Explosions were heard, like the noise of artillery. So nearly did the explosions resemble the report of cannon, that some British officers, thinking there must be a naval engagement somewhere on the coast, got their ship under sail to afford relief to their comrades, as they supposed, fighting the pirates. They found themselves contending with a volcano; rather a harder customer than *Don Quixote's* windmills. The sounds produced by this eruption were distinctly heard at *Sumatra*, nine hundred and seventy miles distant.

Islands are frequently elevated from the depth of the ocean by volcanoes. In 1831 a volcanic island arose in the Mediterranean, and excited much curiosity. The French and the English began to quarrel about the right to it. Both claimed to have made the first discovery of it. While they, however, were quarreling about the ownership, *Neptune* stepped in and claimed it as his, and took it down with him beneath the waves. Many hundred fathoms of water now cover it.

Numerous volcanoes exist in various parts of the globe. In the *Azores* there are about forty. Nearly all the islands of the Pacific and the West Indies are volcanic. In *Java* there are thirty-eight. They are numerous in *Greenland*, *Iceland*, and *Kamschatka*. The *Rocky Mountains* of North America, the *Andes* of the south, and the *Cordilleras* of Mexico, are all more or less volcanic. But however numerous and powerful modern volcanoes may appear, they were evidently more numerous, and more powerful in some former period of the world's history than they are now. In the neighborhood of *Naples*, in a space twenty miles long and ten broad, there are sixty craters of extinct volcanoes, some of them larger than *Vesuvius*. In *Sicily*, though *Ætna* is the only one now active, yet there are the craters of many more. Extinct volcanic mountains cover several



thousand square miles in the southern part of France. Indeed the earth seems once to have been one immense volcano.

I have never seen a volcano; but I would give more to see one in operation than to see any other natural object. It must be grand—it must be sublime. I have seen many a mountain. I have stood on the snowy peak of the topmost range of the White Mountains of the north, and felt myself well recompensed for the toil of clambering up over its rocky sides. I have stood on Niagara's brink, while the accumulated waters were pouring over the precipice, with a rapidity that was startling, and a noise that was deafening; but all this seems not to me like standing on the verge of the crater of Vesuvius or Ætna, and looking down deep into the bosom of the earth at the boiling ocean of melted rocks, while the deafening roar of nature's artillery drowns the battle sounds of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Waterloo, and the red flames flash toward heaven, the ascending smoke blots out the sun, and the waves of lava sweep over the plain.

This is one of the mighty agents which the almighty One employed to fit up this earth for a home for you and me. This mighty agent of irresistible power, that mocks at all the restraints of man, is as easily controlled by the great Ruler of the universe as the purling stream from the sylvan fountain, or the gentle zephyr of the summer evening.

## BATTLE OF PRINCIPLES.

BY MISS SARAH H. ALLERTON.

ONE of the ancients remarked, that there are two worlds, the macrocosm and the microcosm, or the great world without and the little world in the mind of man. Both do exist; and the world without is but a manifestation of the world within. If there are conflicts without, so are there contests within. Thought battles with thought.

In the history of nations, as well as of individuals, we find that the prevalence of any one principle stamps not only their character, but often the character of the world. As the body acts at the command or wishes of the soul, so the political institutions are the shadowing forth of man's mind.

Every external revolution is a representation to the senses of what is taking place in the heart. Political revolutions may be called the foliage, thought the vivifying sap. The tyrant that seats himself in man's mind, wields the true Archimedian lever, and shakes the world. There has been a succession of mental tyrants—the one prevailing over the heart of man, though not without effort, and reigning supreme, subduing all under the weight of his power, until, finally overcome, he yields his throne to a mightier rival. But this has never been accomplished

without the throbbing of the heart, the shaking of the world, great natural tumults, the battling of principle with principle and thought with thought.

Let us, then, under the guidance of the historic muse, trace through successive ages these governors of mankind. The first of these almost omnipotent tyrants was this simple principle, "*Might makes right.*" He established his empire with Nimrod. From that day to the termination of the Roman empire, he wielded his sway over the world. When the Deluge with its mighty overflow swept from the earth a world of people, on account of their wickedness and crime, we have reason to believe that this same powerful tyrant reigned, though in a more extended sense, over men's hearts. They caused the earth to glow with their riches and labors, at the same time it groaned under the weight of depravity and power. But they, with all their monuments of skill and grandeur—with their fame and exploits, sunk in the remorseless deep, leaving not a memorial behind of their former greatness and glory.

A new race, of an entire different character, soon sprang up, and again peopled the earth, which promised, for a short time, peace and prosperity. But again another principle, that supreme of all tyrants, extended his regal sway over man's heart. This principle was the Genius of War. He demolished the foundations of the most stately fabrics, plundered villages, laid low the most splendid cities, and filled the streets of every place with slaughter and blood. A dark cloud of ignorance and vice, superstition and heathenism enveloped the world. The principles of true religion, which had been preserved by the descendants of Noah, were lost amid the darkness and barbarity of this period of war.

Next the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem saw a star rising in the east, and watched its mild and benignant course. As the trumpets of angels sounded on their ears, it declared to them the coming of a Being "at whose name tyrants trembled, and conquerors fled away."

The introduction of Christianity was indeed a most glorious revolution. It came forth with a firm and intrepid step amidst a world of blood, to battle with men's prejudices and passions—to dispel the heavy clouds which surrounded them, and to teach them the most useful of all lessons—the art of governing themselves. It bade man rise up in all his original strength—to cultivate and beautify his soul—to remove the strong fetters of tyranny which bound down his noble nature—to shake off the ignorance and vice of his fellow-man—to be free in heart, pure and holy in conscience, that he might be prepared for another more glorious and eternal state of existence. This was the grand principle of the Christian revolution. It was to fit man for heaven. To accomplish this, it was to bring his mind into contact only with "those objects that are worthy of its noble powers, and the dignity of its immortal state—to

lift the soul itself into a purer and better atmosphere, and to impress upon it the living image of moral beauty."

Again our muse directs our attention to the lofty battlements of imperial Rome. We behold her standing in all her august majesty and splendor, the pride and glory of the world, the loved retreat of the muses, the habitation of science, of sculpture, of architecture, and painting. We watch her as she conquers the earth with her sword, and sways it by her sceptre. How grand is her station, how exalted her feelings, how mighty her power! We gaze upon her with mingled emotions of wonder and delight. But we turn around as if to invite a friend to gaze upon the spectacle, and we look again. The unutterable splendors have faded, the lofty battlements have toppled down, and nothing is left but a sombre tract of deepening shadows. Its beauty has departed—its glory has vanished!

We may lament, with the lovers of the arts and the friends of literature, the fall of this once proud and magnificent empire. We may sigh to think she could not have been spared, to be the pride and ornament of creation; but then there is a higher interest which should fill the soul—an interest which embraces all of the rights of man.

Although Rome has fallen, we can trace in her fall the first great step toward the march of freedom. The same power which worked out other great events, wrought out this. That power is the tendency of the human mind to moral and intellectual improvement. But in the history of the world an empire is but a bubble. It is raised up by toil and troubles—it rises on the ruins of other institutions, and then it becomes itself the sport of passions and prejudices. Its foundations become weakened, and are quickly dissolved. It finally sinks in a deluge of blood.

As we gaze upon the place where Rome once stood, a melancholy ruin is all that meets our view; and we are led to inquire, was the great purpose of this once beautiful city accomplished when it rose and fell? Was it erected merely to be overthrown? There is a chain by which all great events are connected. We can trace it in the overthrow of Rome. We behold it in the dawning light of Christianity. We find that there is not a principle, that has ever operated upon the mind of man, which does not yet live, either in the good or evil influences of life. Rome, with all her race, passed away; but it was to leave a space for new principles and better things. As long, therefore, as there is a tie which binds one nation or kindred to another, so long there is, and ever will be a link which binds that event to us.

But we pass along. The sixteenth century dawned upon the world. Another great reformer of the rights and principles of men came forth to battle, not arrayed with sword and helmet, but with the pure robes of religion and morality. He dashed asunder the dungeon doors with which Christianity

was confined, untied her palsied arm, unsealed her sacred books, and tore off the garment of sackcloth which concealed the beauty and original splendor of her form. Well may the name of Luther shine bright in the pages of sacred history, and not less in the annals of the world. Truly may he be called "the benefactor of the human race."

But the end has not come yet. The great lesson that all men are free and equal, endowed with equal rights and privileges, although all past revolutions have been progressing toward it, is not as yet victorious. Mighty as had been the struggle for freedom, the greatest battle is yet to come. We behold upon the very verge of this contest, as if in anxious expectation of another great event, a new world to be discovered, unpolluted by the foot-prints of tyranny, despotism, and power. Hither, from the old world, came the oppressed to find a home where they might be free—free in thought, free in action, and, above all, free to worship God. The Bible was proclaimed by all the Magna Charta of the new race. But their foes, ever at enmity with freedom, pursued them here. Her arm, however, was now too strong—Freedom had now a home; and with patriotism on her side, she rose higher and higher, until she could at last settle the great problem that man might be free. The contest is now ended, and man is free. Truly may we exclaim, earth's proudest conqueror is Washington!

But he, alas! with his firm and heroic band, has passed away. Their names and memories yet live in the hearts of all, and are written in golden letters in the history of the new world. As we behold our indebtedness to our fathers, we should also know that they were not alone. They were not the sole champions of freedom; they were but the associates of other great souls, whose fame and praise should be associated with theirs. And as freedom has been striving for ages, so shall it endure perpetually, and at length rise upward in a bright and unclouded path to the very end of time.

Our muse has vanished, leaving us to our own reflections. We have viewed the past with the great conflicts that have existed between nation and nation, from the time that power established its reign down to the last glorious result. We have traveled from the old world to the new, and we find the same manifestation of principles, the same power acting upon man. But we have seen that in the end, right will prevail over wrong—freedom triumphs over bondage. Although tyrants may endeavor to obstruct its passage, and build up their barriers lofty and strong, yet they are soon swept away by the impending current.

We learn in the history of the past, as well as the present, that we are all one great family, called to the same duties, and blessed with the same rights and privileges; that "the charter of our religious and political duties is one and the same hallowed scroll; and that it



came from the hands of God." In the language of the inspired writer, "He is the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. His empire is all worlds—his subjects are all creatures, his kingdom is immutable, his reign is eternal."

Earth has ever been a battle-ground, and thus must it yet be. Contests without are but shadows of conflicts within. But the issue of the world's war is not, cannot be doubtful. Right shall prevail, and peace shall wave her wings over the world:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among her worshippers."

### THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS.

BY PRESIDENT WENTWORTH.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

THE Church of Christ is an impregnable fortress. Its great Founder has embodied the promise of its perpetuity in a figure of startling boldness. To his immediate auditors it was particularly expressive. To us its distinguished force will be apparent, when we reflect, that in the gates of the oriental city sat the councils for legislation and adjudication. At the gates, in times of war, were originated and matured the various plans of attack and defense. From the gates issued the forces to battle, and through them passed the triumphant hosts that bore the pride and pageant of victory. Within "the gates of hell," and nowhere else in the wide universe of intelligences, was concocted a plan for the spoliation of this fair world. Scarcely had creation exchanged smiles with its beneficent Author, when "principalities and powers," rulers of darkness, and all the titled authors of "spiritual wickedness," issued from the "gates of hell," ravaged the handiwork of omniscient Goodness, and left it a wide-spread waste of moral desolation. In the midst of the far-reaching ruin rises the citadel of darkness, and over it flaps heavily the banner of hell. Yet God has not left this noble domain to remediless subjection. Over against the strongholds of hellish usurpation springs a fortress: its massiveness frowns defiance; its beauty creates admiration. "Walk about Zion; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces." Watchmen patrol the lofty walls; zealous hosts throng the battlemented towers, and line the embrasured parapets. "The gates of hell" recede upon their harsh grating hinges. The powers of perdition are in motion. Infatuated men and infuriated demons array themselves against the Church of God. Some new mode of warfare—some new point of attack—some fresh accession of strength has obliterated the recollection of past discomfiture and stimulated their courage for one more onset.

In fierce and firm array advances a choice display of the sable chivalry of hell. Veteran warriors are there. They have done battle on the plains of heaven. They have contested for centuries the dominion of God and holiness on earth. There is the martial skill, the blazing eye, the compressed lip, the firm footfall of dauntless courage and indomitable pride. Infidels are auxiliaries—volunteer corps in the service of the devil. Celsus and Julian advance at the head of a regiment of scoffers; Voltaire is the honored aid-de-camp of Beelzebub; Volney is the trusty armor-bearer of Belial; the nodding plume of Paine discloses the position of the battalion commanded by this prince of scavengers. Their armor reflects the lucidness of the pit. "Crush the wretch," is the horrid watch-word. The attack commences. Missives from the arsenals of hell rain an iron shower upon the impenetrable bastions; mining implements seek in vain to disturb the quiet of the strong foundations; the scaling ladder is put in requisition, but here women and children put to rout the sanguine besiegers; the battering ram is brought into play, and thunders away at the brazen gates and impregnable walls. The engine is shivered with the stroke, yet not a turret trembles—not a bolt or a hinge yields—not a stone starts from its firm moorings! The ranks of the besiegers are thinned; their strength fails; their fruitless efforts cease; and as they retreat in disorder, the shout of triumph peals from myriads of voices: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it!" The coming conquests and the perpetuity of the Church are celebrated in every one of the countless reverberations, and are clearly foretold by the last and faintest of the expiring echoes. The hosts of God's elect shall one day go forth to glorious victory. The strongholds of darkness shall tumble in horrible ruin upon shrinking men and dismayed devils. But the fortress of God shall endure. The boasted fortresses of earth have suffered overthrow, and exchanged masters. The city of Sphinxes lies in ruins, and her hundred proud gates are torn from the brazen hinges; the strong walls of Babylon have yielded to human ingenuity and strength; the heights of Morency and the towering pillar of Hercules, have not always vindicated their reputation for inaccessibility and impregnable strength. Yet force or fraud has never prevailed against the walls of Mount Zion. "It was," will never be the melancholy motto written upon the deserted and moldering ruins of God's Gibraltar. The Church will stand when the voice of the archangel causes the earth to reel on its foundations. When the moon has waxed old—when the stars have gone out—when the lamp of day has expired, the Church shall endure. It will survive the hour of wild confusion, in which the heavens shall flee as a scroll, the mountains melt, and seas retire. It shall outlive the pyres of the last days, and rise amid the blackened ruins of the universe as unsullied and immutable as

the eternal throne. Then shall the rock lent to earth return to its native heaven. Founded upon Christ, shall rise the walls of the New Jerusalem. Its golden glories already flash upon the vision. Faith beholds the Church militant merged in the Church triumphant. Faith views the city whose "wall hath twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb," whose streets are gold, whose walls are jasper, whose gates are pearls, whose light is the glory of God, and through whose ever-open portals darkness and sorrow have taken their eternal flight! With eye undimmed by the inner glories of the place, faith reads, blazing forth in characters of no mystic meaning, from the architrave of every pearly portal of the abode of God, the immortal motto of the Church militant, "THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT."

#### EXTRACT FROM THE METHODIST PULPIT.

We insert the following with pleasure. It has occurred to us a thousand times, that the incomparable eloquence of our ministry will never be fully appreciated by future ages. We have heard sermons which, for overwhelming power, would do the fame of Demosthenes no dishonor. Such performances are not uncommon in our pulpits. But, alas! they will be lost to the next generation. The best of our preachers speak extemporaneously. Their sermons are not written. They go out to dissipate in the treacherous air, though their power is felt for years in many a human heart. But we will say no more—alas! This is the order of Providence. Our ministry work not for glory, but to do good. Besides, genuine eloquence cannot be written down. The reader will be pleased to read the following explanatory note addressed to us by our worthy correspondent, to whom we return thanks for her kindness.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR,—I have herein copied for your perusal what I consider a *brilliant passage* from one of our *common preachers*. Upon reading it, I find it has lost its power. It needs an immense audience, all breathless and still, added to the animated impressiveness and solemn utterance of a Methodist preacher. Perhaps it may deserve a place among your gatherings, and with this view it is respectfully submitted by your friend,  
LOUISA C. LAWSON.

In a tremendous storm, which lashed old Ocean's waves to fiercest fury, a gallant ship of the United States was entirely dismasted; and her naked hull run for a time. At length, breakers were heard in the distance, and the rocks—the fearful, the terrific rocks were seen ahead. Toward these the ship was rapidly driving. At this moment they hove out the great sheet-anchor, which now grappled and then loosed—again grappled the hidden rocks. At last it caught, and then the word already began to run from lip to lip, "*She holds! she holds!*" when the cable parted, and that once noble ship, swinging round, dashed suddenly upon the rocks, and, amid the rage of winds, and roar of waters, she was lost for ever.

But the Christian's anchor is *sure*. Man, filled with strong hope of a blessed immortality, bids defi-

ance to the tempest of time. Fearfully may the storms come upon him—high as mountains may the waves of affliction roll about him, and the roar of the breakers may be awful in his ear; but, if he heave out the anchor of hope, it shall go down in the depths of affliction and sorrow—it shall grapple successfully with the Rock of ages; and upon the wings of the winds, above the roar of the storm, shall be borne his note of joy, his triumphant shout, "*She holds! she holds!*"

#### JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE name of Julius Cæsar is immortal. He was undoubtedly the greatest general of antiquity, and, taken as a whole, the greatest man. Compared with Alexander, his military genius would not seem to rank so high as that of Philip's warlike son. But the difference between them is seen in their different circumstances.

Alexander had every thing prepared to his hand by his father. Cæsar began his career himself. Alexander inherited a powerful kingdom. Cæsar was the heir to a moderate private fortune. Alexander conquered Greece after she had been bleeding by a thirty years' civil war, and her power was almost extinct. Cæsar subdued Rome at a time when her strength and wealth were at their summit. Alexander had no party at home to oppose him. When Cæsar commenced, the senate and the entire military power of Rome declared him an outlaw, and his enemies set a price upon his head. Alexander met no adversary, particularly after he left Greece, entitled to any credit as a commander, and the people he subdued were reduced to the lowest degree of weakness by their inordinate wealth, idleness, and luxury. With a prodigious army he overran Persia, which, a few years before, Clearchus, the Spartan general, thought he could do with only ten thousand men. But Cæsar, on the contrary, fought against Roman legions, the bravest and best disciplined troops in the world; they were commanded by Pompey, a man universally regarded, at the beginning of the war, as the ablest general of his age; and, more than all, the troops of Pompey outnumbered Cæsar's, during a great part of the time, nearly as five to one.

Alexander, as he advanced, left no enemies behind him, since, in conquering a country, he became at once master of the whole of it, and swelled his own army by adding that of his subdued enemies. Cæsar, on the other hand, engaged in a civil war, never knew who were his real friends, and, wherever he went, he was certain to be surrounded by his foes. Alexander, elated by his success, had not the strength of mind to moderate his passions, but, giving way to pride and luxury, died in the beginning of his



days. Cæsar, continent to the last degree, rigidly correct in all his appetites, and governing himself by laws more strict than those imposed upon his soldiers, preserved his health and life, and kept steadily on in the grand career of his ambition. Alexander, in fine, by a kind of magic, reared a lofty kingdom, which, like the visions of magic, fell in a moment to the ground. Cæsar built up an empire on a solid foundation, whose existence and glory constituted, century after century, the history of the civilized world.

Julius Cæsar loses nothing, as a general, by being compared with modern commanders. Napoleon gained nearly all his victories and honors by secrecy and celerity. No one knew his plans till the moment of execution, and then they were executed with such dispatch, that the enemy were taken by surprise. He also added deception to his other qualities. If he were about to come down like a thunderbolt upon any province or kingdom, he would be sure to make the feint of war in some remote corner, far away from the real object of his movements; while, with his usual secrecy, like an Indian in ambuscade, he would be making sincere preparations for a formidable engagement. Thus he diverted the attention of his enemies, embarrassed their counsels, and kept all Europe in a state of suspense and awkward speculation; while his own plans were as clear as the light in his vigorous and far-seeing mind.

Cæsar was not deceptive. Frank and open in his manners, he was equally so in his military operations. The whole empire knew what he was doing; and he performed his pleasure only because no man in the empire, nor all the men opposed to him, could put a stop to his onward progress.

The Roman general, wonderful as it may seem to us for a military man to know any thing beside his own trade of destruction, was really an able statesman, a respectable poet, one of the best of historians, and second only to Cicero as a powerful and brilliant orator.

But, after all his victories, after all his greatness, after all his success in founding a vast empire, and seating himself on the imperial throne, he fell by assassination, and died a most miserable death, by the hands of those whom his smiles had raised to consequence and power.

What a commentary is the life of Cæsar on the earthly condition of many of the human race! They begin their career with high hopes. Their ambition spurs them on and on toward the prize that sparkles in their sight. With vast labor the prize is taken. They sit down to enjoy it. They expect long years of happiness to pass gently and quietly over them. But, lo! the enemy stands near. His dagger is drawn and ready. They look up and behold their danger; the next moment the fatal blow is given; and then, like Cæsar in the senate-house, they fold their mantles round them, and submit themselves

reluctantly to their fate. Fortunate are they who can "lie down to pleasant dreams."

## MINIATURE SKETCHES.

BY W. NIXON.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

LIFE is frequently compared to a journey; and the truth is, that so many are the points of resemblance between the two, that in making even a limited excursion, reflections on the analogy they present, will be sure to be impressed upon the mind. Hurried along the road by a locomotive, transferred to a steamboat, removing the luggage, changing the passengers, the necessity of punctuality, the alternation of sun and showers, and the meeting with numerous and unexpected incidents by the way, seem to crowd the occurrences of a lifetime into the adventures of a day, and give an epitome of our passage, from the time we enter the great conveyance of the world, till that when we arrive at the point of destination.

On one of those occasions, finding myself surrounded by persons of all pursuits and ages, influenced by various motives, and animated by various expectations, I was, in imagination, insensibly introduced into the picture gallery of human life, where the passions, feelings, and habits of mankind were vividly portrayed. Glancing around the apartment, my eye was immediately arrested by a small allegorical painting, that represented age and childhood. And so great was the moral force and feeling it appeared to me to exhibit, that a brief description of it may not be unacceptable.

On the left of the picture was an animated and interesting little being, who, as he rushed along in eager and joyous confidence of future happiness, grasped at the sunbeams that glittered on his path; but ever found his hopes and expectations as illusive as a dream. Yet the laugh of gladness sparkled in his eye, and the ruddy glow of health was seated on his cheek. And thus, I thought, are we, in youth, engrossed with the future, undaunted by danger, unsubdued by disappointment. Motive is ever stimulating to exertion; and the law of our moral nature, notwithstanding our false estimate of sublunary things, is constantly working out the improvement of the world's social condition.

In advance of this was the figure of age, bending under the burden of disappointment and distress. His eye was retrospective—his countenance was sad. His gaze was turned to the hill he had descended, where the vapory substance that, on the other side, was gilded by the sun of youth, was, on his, but an undefined and shadowy mist, into which his tottering castles, and all the beautiful figures of his mental vision were rapidly dissolving. With the feeble step

of apprehension he advanced toward the clouds that awaited his approach, as if anxious to envelop him; while, from above, a cheering ray of glory was bursting from the gloom, as it were, inviting him from the unsatisfying pursuits of the world, to those which, not affected by the laws of terrestrial existence, are real and for ever.

In the countenance of the latter figure, I observed, as he turned his eye in the direction of his vanished joys, an expression of mingled tenderness, sorrow, and regret, that seemed to indicate that memory, while it grieved him, also solaced his desponding spirit. And this, said I, as I contemplated the imaginary scene, is likewise true to the principles of our nature.

Macaulay has beautifully pointed out the tendency of the human mind to admire those who give us pleasure, and even to palliate, if not excuse, the faults of authors, whose works afford us improvement and delight. "The errors," he observes, "they have committed, the persons they may have injured, are lost in oblivion, while the excellences of their productions are imperishable."

Not only, however, is the memory of persons subject to this salutary law, but, also, that of incidents and events. The cares and troubles of other times, if not forgotten, are, at least, mellowed by the distance, and now exert but a soothing influence on the mind. But the sunny glade, the shadowy dell, the gurgling streams, the dimpling lake, the glittering moonlight, as well as the friends who were near and dear to the heart, are fresh in our recollection. Our residence at certain places, the scenes of other days, are divested of the apprehensions, the pains, the fears, and mortifications experienced in those places, and associated with those scenes. While whatever was agreeable in the picture is found to occupy so prominent a position, and so calm and soft a light is found to play over the imaginary landscape, that our by-gone times of trouble are hallowed in the memory, and even the remembrance of our sorrows fills the heart with a soothing, though a pen- sive pleasure.

#### SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

ALL nations have believed in supernatural beings. Anciently, every people had its system of mythology, embracing gods and goddesses, its nymphs both of the wood and water, and its numerous other genii of every variety of character. Modern ages have supplied the place of these with peris, ghosts, and fairies, which, as is supposed, inhabit the earth, air, and ocean. Pliny says, "You often encounter spirits that vanish away like fantasies;" but Baxter beats the old Pagan, when he writes, that "fairies and goblins might be as common in the air as fishes in the sea!" The light of science, however, is rapidly discarding these ridiculous notions.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Without needless introduction, we present the following epistle to our readers.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR,—I have been a delighted reader of your Repository for about four years, and am glad to see it daily rising in its literary character. Either your contributors are improving in their style, or you take more than ordinary editorial pains with their articles. I have seen a number of their contributions quoted in our eastern periodicals; and some of them have been copied at length in our newspapers. Several of the anonymous pieces have been received with great favor, and not a little curiosity has been manifested in relation to their probable authors. The "gray-haired man" has been supposed to be Professor Larrabee, and the poetical pieces by "an editor" have caused a deal of speculation. Some have referred them to your new contributor, Mr. Stevens; a southern friend of mine imagined she saw in them the peculiar style of Dr. Longstreet. But I am not certain whether either of those gentlemen writes poetry. Professor Larrabee's Miscellaneous Sketches are admired for the careless ease of style in which they are written. Mr. Stevens, it seems, has commenced a series of articles on an important subject. But, while I think of it, let me say there was not a little bombast in Mr. —'s [we shall conceal the name.—Ed.] prose article on —. This grandiloquence of style is never pleasing; and though a feeble writer may think, in reading over one of his inflated compositions, that he has done wonders, it is the simple, natural, easy style that does the business with ordinary readers. Your own articles ought to have taught— [we here suppress another passage of the letter, giving enough of it to show that our fair critic has received us into favor.—Ed.] By the way, what has become of Imogen, of New York city? Her piece entitled, "Scenes in Capernaum," has in these parts established her reputation as a writer. I have often heard the Repository commended in high circles; and I believe it is rapidly gaining the increased approbation of the public. But you must excuse me for saying, that I think there have been some pretty dull articles in it. There was a long one in the — number, on —, which was divided and subdivided like an old-fashioned sermon. Perhaps the Editor was from home when that piece was inserted. But there have always been so many really fine and spirited compositions in each number, that the dull ones have been borne off with a sort of triumph. A few evenings since, at our sewing circle, our pastor observed to me, that he hoped you would continue your Literary Sketches till you have made a volume. But I must close. You invite me to become a contributor.— I am no writer; but if you think an occasional epistle would be acceptable, I will endeavor to do something in my way. L. J. T. NORTON.



## COMPLAINT OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY B. T. CUSHING.

By my lone casement in the eve I'm sitting,  
Looking far out upon the deep blue sky,  
"Fretted with golden fires"—white clouds are flitting  
Across its face. Beneath, the forests lie,  
And plains and hills in distance; and the falling  
Of sheeny waters flashes on my sight—  
Books tell me that they murmur, but their calling  
Comes not to me—my ear is closed in *night*!

I oft have wondered what strange power is lying  
In that mysterious thing which men name sound—  
What hues it paints upon the soul with dying  
So rich and beautiful, yet so profound!  
Is it a something which the ear in viewing  
Is touched with rapture, as by flowers the eye?  
In vain my fancy tires her wing pursuing,  
I cannot grasp the secret though I die!

They point me to the bird, which high is winging  
Its way where boughs float on the summer air—  
They write me that a gladsome lay 'tis singing.  
Is its gay song, then, like its plumage rare  
That shines in gold and purple? They do tell me  
The sombre owl gives forth a dismal call:  
I'm sure that song could ne'er with rapture spell me—  
It must be like a coffin's mournful pall.

I now remember childhood's sky was o'er me  
When first I pondered how my brethren there  
In some fond secret were far, far before me;  
And as I pondered, could I but despair?  
Lo, when our mother, so serene and beauteous,  
Moved her sweet lips, they seemed to catch the bliss,  
And answer it with smiles and movements duteous—  
I then thought *sound* was like *my mother's kiss*.

As I grew older by the shore they took me,  
Where the big wave came foaming toward the rock,  
But whilst I stood there, they in dread forsook me,  
Stopping their ears as if they felt the shock,  
Before it came, of the huge billow dashing  
Against the beach. I then thought there must be  
A *feeling* in their ears which knew the lashing,  
As did my shaken limbs, of the great sea!

But when all backward rolled that billow teeming,  
They took up from the shore whereon 'twas cast,  
A spiral shell of many colored gleaming—  
Red, yellow, purple—like the clouded east:  
With joy we danced! Soon tired I of the treasure,  
But to their ears they placed it, and with glee  
Again they sprang—thence deemed I sounds of  
pleasure

Were like that colored shell by the deep sea!

I view the soldiers on their chief attending,  
And deem their war-note like their dazzling march;  
Goes it not upward with the steed tramp blending,  
And flaunting, like their banners, heaven's proud  
arch?

VOL. VII.—4

And when the youth in dances brisk are moving,  
Speeds not their music like their flying feet?  
And have not lover's words a power like loving?  
And is not beauty's voice as beauty sweet?

I had a dream of most supernal splendor,  
Of a green field where gushing fountains played,  
And broad-branched trees grew up, and blossoms  
tender,

'Neath everlasting sunbeams; and that glade  
Was full of wing'd creatures robed in glory;  
And as they hovered o'er me, the rich tone  
Of wind, and brook, and birdlet, told its story  
Like odors to my ear! I woke, 'twas gone.

I see yon girl the lyre's soft numbers stealing—  
I watch her lips move, and I view the crowd  
Standing entranced—then yearns my heart with feel-  
ing,

As if by hunger's fiercest pangs 'twere bowed.  
I long—I pant for that same sweet emotion,  
Which others feel in music's glorious round;  
O, give me hearing as the winds to ocean—  
I faint—I die in the wild thirst for sound!

But I must bear! This life will soon be over—  
Then shall I in a land more lovely be,  
Where no dark clouds this longing ear shall cover—  
Where I shall hear, even as on earth I see;  
Then shall I know the soft voice of mother,  
Softer than those bright eyes I used to love—  
Then shall I hail each merry-hearted brother:  
O, take me, Father, to that world above!

## LINES TO A LADY.

BY REV. E. M'CLURE.

HAST thou seen the river flowing  
In its silent course along?  
Giving sweetness to the echo  
Of the shepherd's evening song:  
Gazed upon the moss-rose drooping  
With its load of early dew?  
Half retreating—yet entreating,  
To be worn by one like you.

Hast thou seen the star of evening,  
With her silvery hosts abroad;  
Burning nightly in their brightness  
To illumine the throne of God?  
Or beheld the wat'ry rainbow  
As it spanned the concave o'er,  
Like the angel's glorious pathway,  
Seen by one in days of yore.

All are beautiful, though transient—  
Rivers leave their channels bare;  
Stars will fade, and roses wither;  
This vanishes to air—

Nothing lasting is, like GOODNESS,  
Naught so durable as TRUTH:  
These, for aye, may bloom and flourish  
In their own eternal youth.

Where the angels' crystal river,  
Pours its living tide along,  
Giving sweetness to the echo  
Of their own immortal song,  
There, the stars will shine for ever,  
Like the "spirits of the wise;"  
There, the roses shall not wither,  
And the rainbow never dies.

Wouldst thou, maiden, know no sadness,  
Such as evil can impart?  
Wear the smile, and feel the gladness  
Of a gentle, loving heart?  
Then let innocence and virtue,  
Point thy way, and guide thy feet,  
To that upper, purer Eden,  
Where the happy spirits meet.

## STANZAS.

BY J. F. MARLEY.

THE world is dark,  
And dismal, and drear;  
And my feeble bark  
Is tossed with fear  
On life's mad sea,  
Whose boisterous swell,  
Ah! soon shall be  
My departing knell.

O, never a hope,  
E'er yet did bloom  
In my heart, but found  
An early tomb;  
And friendship's vow,  
And youth's warm tie,  
All broken now,  
Forgotten lie.

Father in heaven,  
To my erring feet  
Be thy light given!  
Let me entreat  
A crown on high  
When life is done—  
Where bliss is pure  
As thy dazzling throne.

The ills of life  
I'll calmly bear;  
The doubtful strife  
Of hope and fear—  
If I but know  
Thou dost approve,  
And my ways show  
Marks of THY love.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1847.

THE New-Year has come. With its frosts, and snows, and wind, and rain, it is here. The old one is gone for ever. The record it has borne to heaven of our deeds will stand. Nothing can change a letter of it to the end of time. Repentance for past errors, with a firm resolve to improve upon ourselves for the future, and a strong reliance upon the goodness and promises of God, is all that now remains to us.

It is a solemn reflection, that, wherever we are, or whatever we do, our conduct is taken down by a faithful scribe, whose books will one day be opened for ourselves and the universe to read. Whether, as Lord Bacon suggested, thoughts once in the mind are never lost, our memories becoming thus the books of judgment from which are to be pronounced our dooms; or whether, as is more likely, this infinite recollection is too great an approach to Omniscience to be shared by mortals, the all-embracing memory of God being itself the historic treasury of the universe, from whose awful revelations we are to be judged at the great assize, are questions, after all, of no practical importance. One thing is clear, we must meet, either by proxy or in person, our account with God; nor may any one foretell, how late or how soon the day of his own reckoning may come.

Men of melancholy dispositions have complained, that the Creator holds his infirm and erring children to an account too severe and strict. We were created, they say, without our knowledge or consent. Our first years are full of feebleness and wants. Our next are crowded with petty toils and troubles. Manhood, our best estate, brings us to the centre of a vortex of anxiety and care; and then old age, after a few days of manly struggle with our fate, reduces us to a second childhood, then lets us drop, as full of sorrow as of years, into a grave of unknown horrors. And after all, when we have laid down our load of suffering, and the valley of tears is at last escaped, God, who made us what we are, calls us up for every misstep in the rugged walks of life.

This is a mournful view, and as unreal as it is dark. Minds of a more healthy and cheerful tone behold the universe in another light. If they look at man himself, they see his body wonderfully constructed for the enjoyment of every conceivable delight. The most pleasing sensations are continually passing to the soul through every sense. The human form, agile, beautiful, and strong—the most perfect specimen of mechanism the universe itself can boast, is a happy proof of God's benevolence to man. Thought, too, is ours—thought, that wanders through nature's realms; and travels at will through the bounds of space; and visits and studies the most distant and the sublimest works in the Creator's vast domains; and at last soars upward and takes hold upon his throne. Feeling is also ours. What the mind can clearly see, the heart as warmly feels; and, standing as we do in connection with the great electric chain, by which creation is linked together, we hold a sympathy with all this glorious world, this system of created things, this battery of God charged with his boundless love. Volition is also ours. Freedom, both of thought and action, is the inheritance we hold. It was a gift unfought for, and though tyrannic human restrictions may bind us in respect to many of our actions, in all that are most essential, man is everywhere and for ever



free. Well might the Danish prince exclaim, "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in comprehension, how like a god!" And the prince is more than sustained by the Bible. It everywhere speaks of man as having been formed in the image of his Maker; as having originally reflected, in miniature it is true, but still in his own order of perfection, both the intellectual and moral character of God; as being, in a word, but *little* lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor!

So wonderful is the goodness of God, so active in his nature is the principle of benevolence, that his very judgments partake largely of his love. What the race would have been, or what they could have enjoyed, had not sin entered into the world, and death by sin, no man can tell; but, as we are now constituted, those conditions of life generally regarded as Divine punishments, inflicted on humanity at the fall, are little less than mercies in disguise.

We were condemned, for example, to eat our bread by the sweat of our brows. It is possible that this necessity for labor would have been a perpetual drawback on the happiness of the primitive state; but now, with all our sinful propensities to urge us on to mischief, a condition of perfect idleness would be a perfect curse. Not only the nature of the human mind, but the history of the world declares, that those people who are the most unemployed, who obtain their livelihood with the lowest amount of toil, are uniformly the most immoral and the least refined. Thessaly was the richest province of ancient Greece; and when rock-bound and rock-covered Attica was sending the light of its glory into all lands, but few in the first ranks in Thessaly could read! They were always the most base and treacherous in peace, and the most cruel and cowardly in war. Their rich plains furnished so easily such an abundance to their hands, that a hardy and active national character was never formed. Egypt, too, and then Sicily, each at different times the granary of the world, from the days of the Shepherd Kings to the time when Rome overran the earth, were for ever the prey of nations less favored but more energetic than themselves. So characteristic is this fact of the universal condition of the race, that it is far from being certain in the history of the new world, that those portions of it most remarkable for the variety and abundance of their natural productions, or the fertility of their soil, will ever stand first in the moral or literary annals of mankind. Abundance, ease, idleness, luxury, and then vice, are the several landmarks on the road to ruin; and where the first is readily attained without labor, with down-hill speed a nation or a man rushes on to the others.

But we are told, that atmospheric excesses constitute another class of Divine punishments for our sin. Milton, the most evangelical of modern poets, and at the same time the most beautiful and sublime, represents the angels at God's command, as throwing disorder into the works of nature, as a judgment merited by the fall:

"Some say he bid his angels turn askance  
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,  
From the sun's axle: they with labor pushed  
Oblique the centric globe."

This was enough to set all nature in a whirl. Heat and cold would necessarily pass to and fro between the most

opposite extremes. The air, before quiet or serene, would be successively heated up and cooled off by a variation in the directness of the sun's rays; and thus the earth would be fanned or scoured by every variety of wind. Tempests would fall upon the mighty deep, and rouse up all his waves. Vast sheets of cloud would be driven together—electric batteries would be formed above our heads—the awful thunders would roll, and the red lightning glare—not only men and beasts, but the very earth would tremble, and give signs of fear. These mighty fluctuations, and all that range between tropical heat and polar snows, are cited, we repeat, as punishments inflicted on mankind. If they are such, or whatever they may be, it is difficult to decide, of which attribute they partake the most, God's justice or his love.

With what propriety can that arrangement be called an unmixed punishment or evil, which gives to man such a boundless and beautiful variety, within the circle of the year? It is not always winter. Frosts and snows do not always bind the earth and cover the sweet fields. How tender and touching to the heart are the scenes of spring! But these do not last till they become monotonous and dull. Summer, in her richest attire, comes flaunting forth, and gives a new relish to the world. Then autumn, with his melancholy winds and moonlight mild, lets the flushed spirits gently down, and prepares us for the closing up of the changeful year. Such are the seasons! Who would have them otherwise? Spring, summer, autumn, winter—buds, flowers, fruits, and blazing fires—these are the changes we enjoy. What a loss to man, should either of them get possession of the earth, and reign alone! Let them stand as they now are. They give event and variety to life. They teach the reason prudence, the heart love, the will trust and obedience. They please the senses, interest and rouse the intellect, warm the affections, and exercise every faculty. The imagination lives and revels on these changes. Without them, such an art as poetry would have never been. Without them, such names as Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, and Young, and Cowper, and Thomson, would have never reached us—their genius had not been born. The pencil, too, had never given us its unearthly colorings, its bold designs and glorious achievements. Oratory would have wanted figures, and died or languished in its dullness. Life itself would have been a changeless, *lifeless* monody, running for ever on in one dull and lazy strain. No—no—this could never be joy. God, who, when he punished pitied us, gave us proof, that he intends, in this life at least, to inflict only such stripes as heal. Whatever be the derangements sent upon us for our sin, he shows himself, like an almighty and unwearied benefactor as he is, out of every evil

"—still educating good."

With the boundless love of a true Father, he punishes us only by reducing us to less degrees of joy. Such are the inward workings and yearning power of his benevolence, he must ever show a smiling face, before he concludes a frown.

If these remarks are true of the life of man, what can be said of death? Death has always been regarded as the greatest of natural evils, and the most inveterate and terrible enemy of mankind. Taking paradise as the starting point of our observation, death would be indeed the heaviest stroke, which the imagination can conceive. To be suddenly, forcibly, painfully, arrested and removed from Eden's happy bowers, would form

an insupportable crisis in the history of every man. But we are not in Eden. We are living in a state of imperfect bliss. Though every thing about us is beautiful and divinely formed, and every object in nature gives us its kind and degree of pleasure, we have had reports of a better and a brighter world. It is there only that perfection dwells. To that perfection our souls passionately aspire. Here we are weighed down by sense; there, the refined and spiritualized body offers no resistance to the upward tendencies of the mind. Here, our intellectual improvement is limited by the want of opportunities and means; there, each moment is our opportunity, and helps beyond our power to fancy are everywhere displayed. Here, we are surrounded by temptations to go astray; there, every moral influence is setting us onward and upward to the summit of all purity and joy. Here, in a word, we are more or less cramped in our mental and moral energies, by being physically bound down and imprisoned to a place; there, the influence of matter is wholly lost, the body may put on wings, and the spirit may bear us through the boundless realms of creation, in the way that angels move. And now, to this intellectual, pure, and happy world, the gate of death is the only entrance; and should its Keeper deny us passage, where he now admits us through, we might more properly regard him as our foe.

Such, it seems to us, are the reflections of a healthy, happy, undoubting mind. Such sentiments are also adapted to the present season. They belong, in fact, to every season, place, and circumstance. They are imparted to us by faith, and are the peculiar property and solace of Christian men. Let them cheer you, reader, in all your walks and ways. Exercise that faith from which such happy visions come. Remember, no evil in this life is unmixed with good. Labor has ever been, and ever will be, as we are now constituted, a blessing to the race. Rough weather and hard climates improve our energy, by calling out our strength. Pain admonishes of disease; disease is but imperfect health; and death itself, which comes at last, and will come, is but a friendly messenger, sent to relieve us of our burdens, and open us a passage to a world of knowledge, purity, and bliss.

THE plague of Athens has been sounded through all lands. It was, undoubtedly, the severest visitation of its kind ever inflicted upon any considerable part of the world. The Asiatic cholera, in the worst of its ravages, is a mere indisposition as compared with that scourge. It swept off the inhabitants of the crowded metropolis by the thousand. The citizens would fall in the streets and perish. Every house had its dying to watch over, and its dead to mourn. The springs and fountains were literally hedged in by the carcasses of those, who, incited by the raging thirst caused by the distemper, fled to them for water. The noble and high-born, legislators and statesmen, generals and commanders, by this single stroke were mingled with the mass of their fallen countrymen; and, by the death of Pericles, the main-spring of every important movement in the state, the wheels of government nearly stood still. But there is one piece of history which we have often coveted to know, and which we once made a little research through the classics to obtain. Socrates, the great moral philosopher, was then living, and our anxiety was to be resolved what were his engagements during this mournful and

critical period. That he conducted himself like a great and good man, which he was, we have every reason as well as wish to believe; but we would like to be informed, in what manner he showed the greatness of his soul, by what offices he made himself a ministering angel to the sick, and in what respects his conduct might be compared with that of the Christian minister of our day. Particularly would it be a satisfaction to be assured, whether or not the great moralist at any time felt the deficiency even of his excellent philosophy, in giving comfort to the soul; and whether he did not occasionally get a glimpse of the necessity of a higher philosophy than his, if he would adequately establish and console the departing spirit on its entrance upon immortal scenes. But all this train of interesting thought belongs to speculation and conjecture. All we know is, that the philosopher, by a most temperate life, and a perfectly serene state of mind, escaped wholly the infection, and survived the death of thousands of his fellow-citizens, to give the light of his pure example to ages then unborn. And it will not be amiss to observe, that both Elian and Diogenes Laertius, writers of the highest sagacity, ascribe his good fortune solely to the temperance of his life—a virtue which he ever most faithfully maintained.

NOTHING is more detrimental to health than foul air. The air drawn into the lungs is the great purifier of the blood; from the blood every part and fibre of the body receive growth and nourishment; and if this be allowed to carry impurities through the system, health will be speedily destroyed. Either immediate death, or eventual disease, will unavoidably ensue. As you are going to rest at night, suspend a bird at the top of your curtained bedstead, on the inside, and you will find him lifeless in the morning. It is for this reason that domesticated birds are so frequently short-lived and sickly. They need to inhale the free air from the lakes and mountains. The atmosphere of any room, not constantly ventilated, soon becomes stagnant, and is as unfit for breathing, as the water from a standing pool or puddle is for drinking. Washington Irving remarks, that, on his endeavoring to sleep in a close room, after his famous wild-wood rambles in the west, he found the air so oppressive, as almost to banish sleep from his eyelids. For several months he had been accustomed to breathe the unprisoned breeze of the prairies. Dr. Franklin, also, somewhere gives us to understand, that he seldom or never slept in a room, at home or abroad, either in summer or in winter, without having raised in his apartment one or more of the windows. Let parents, teachers, and invalids be sure to furnish for themselves, and for those under their guardianship, the purest air that circulates about them. Many a cheek will look fairer, and many a heart will beat fuller and freer, if all persons will attend, for this winter only, to this salutary caution.

IT has been wisely said, that a soft answer turneth away wrath. Resentment is cherished only in the bosom of a very unwise man; and retaliation, whatever be its kind, is the fuel to all manner of strife. Where there is no retaliation, there can be no war. To leave quietly, without retort, a person in his anger, is the severest rebuke that can be offered him. This kind of reproof should be administered only under extraordinary provocation, and when there is little or no proba-



bility of benefiting the transgressor by milder means. Should there appear in him any promise of reform, any tokens of a return to a better tone of feeling, by speaking kindly you will soften his anger, if you do not excite his shame. A person possessed of even the slightest sensibility will be disturbed, by seeing his passion put into invidious comparison with your perfect composure and serenity of mind.

There is a story of Julius Cæsar, who was severely lampooned by Catullus. The emperor invited the poet to an entertainment, and treated him with such marked consideration, that Catullus was ever afterward his admirer and friend. Addison relates, also, a similar incident in the life of Cardinal Mazarine, whom one Quillet, a poet of some eminence in his day, had handled rather roughly in a Latin poem then recently published. The cardinal made the poor poet the offer of an abbey, a preferment of great value, and by this kindness so humbled his antagonist, that the next edition of the poem was expurgated of every offensive passage, and was actually dedicated to him who had given the bard the humiliating lesson.

If the lust of power is natural to all men, in what way can an individual acquire or exert it more completely, than in these bloodless conquests of love? In what manner can one person obtain a more absolute ascendancy over another? Indeed, should any one think of setting himself up in this way, he might exercise a control over the hearts of both friends and enemies, or rather so rapidly make all men his friends and almost his slaves, that there might be danger of his becoming even proud of his power. We think there have been, and as certainly still are, just such men. Some even counterfeit a love which they do not feel; and by this means wield an influence far beyond what they really deserve. These persons generally treat all characters alike. They will smile on those whom they inwardly despise, and do acts of kindness barely to get the better of their foe.

But it is not difficult to detect the base metal in this sort of coin. There is a want of that open-heartedness in this affected friendship, so marked and unmistakable in the true. Besides, if your friend loves you while you are connected with him, and can render yourself useful to him, but abandons you at the moment of your separation, and endeavors to weaken your influence, and, perhaps, prostrate your power, be assured that that person never truly loved you at all. He only loved himself, when he seemed to be your friend. His affections are concentrated entirely on himself. He treated you kindly only because your services were connected with his success. Set such an individual down as entirely base and ignoble; but if you wish to conquer him, use not his weapon. Look upon him with pity, and conquer him by the force of *real* love.

DENDY records the fact, as he received it from a book printed in 1687, that the fourteenth of October was regarded by the English as a lucky day for their princes. On that day, it seems, among many other remarkable events, William the Conqueror won the crown, Edward the Third landed, and James the Second was born. This may stand by the side of what we stated, in a recent number, of the eighteenth of several months, in relation to Napoleon; and it may help convince some of our believers in dreams, that wonders may happen by chance.

## NOTICES.

PHRENOLOGY; or, the *Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena*. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D., of the Universities of Vienna and Paris, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, of London. Harper & Brothers. 1846.—The above work has just been issued at New York. The origin, progress, and present condition of phrenology are matters of historical, if not of scientific interest.

Dr. Gall, a German physician, was led by several circumstances to regard the configuration of the human head, as the infallible indicator of the power and peculiarities of the indwelling mind. When quite a child, he discovered that those of his school-fellows, who were remarkable for their rapidity and accuracy in memorizing their daily lessons, uniformly possessed large and prominent eyes. His boyish logic, equal in this instance to that of Aristotle, at once inferred, that if fullness of eyes indicated the power of learning words, other faculties of the mind might be discovered by similar indications. But, as yet, he knew nothing of anatomy; and his new thought grew only by the results of personal observation. At length, resolving to become an anatomist, undoubtedly for the sake of his new idea, he studied under the best masters, and soon became a proficient. Turning his attention principally to the nervous system, but studying less that portion of it pertaining to organic life, he made numerous dissections of the brain. Here he professed to discover, not only lobes corresponding to the larger divisions of the head, but numerous little apartments, something like lumps or ganglia, which he supposed to be the respective organs of the various faculties of the mind. Keeping up his habit of daily observation, and comparing the results of it with his scientific investigations, he soon began to form a system of philosophy founded on the facts in these ways acquired. He divided the skull into two great parts, the anterior and posterior, making the former the seat of the intellectual faculties, and the latter of the propensities or affective states of mind. By following steadily on in the same style of reasoning, he at length made out quite a chart of the human head, designating, by figures, the localities of the different powers and affections of the soul.

At this stage in the proceedings of this new idea, Dr. Spurzheim became associated with its discoverer as a pupil. After completing his studies, and graduating at a learned university, Dr. Spurzheim applied himself to these investigations with the zeal of a young enthusiast in a new field of study. To him the world is indebted for the term phrenology, which signifies simply the science of mind; and, taken in its original sense, it embraces all mind, human, brutish, angelic, and divine. Dr. Spurzheim was not ignorant of the breadth of meaning possessed by his new word; and, consequently, included under his researches the mental manifestations of all known beings endowed with sensitive, intellectual, or moral powers. By more complete dissections of the brain than had been made by his associate and predecessor, he prepared a more accurate chart of the human skull, making his divisions upon it minute and intelligible. Having thoroughly satisfied himself as a discoverer, he next became a propagator of his new theory. After visiting, with various success, the principal European capitals, he at last embarked for the United States, and landed at Boston. In that city, after a brief but brilliant career as a lecturer, he died, and

was buried in the cemetery at Mount Auburn. On entering the cemetery, the first monument you meet is an upright shaft resting on a large pedestal, on which you read the sole but sufficient inscription—SPURZHEIM.

But the new opinion did not die with its apostle. Many individuals in Boston, in New York, and in numerous other places, received his doctrines; and even phrenological societies were very generally formed throughout the country. Dr. Combe, of Edinburgh, took up the subject; and in a variety of able works, gave it his learned approval. His books possess great philosophical merit, apart from the theory maintained by them, and have been read with both pleasure and profit by tens of thousands of the first men, on either side of the Atlantic.

With Dr. Combe phrenology reached its zenith. In the hands of the Fowlers, and many other itinerant self-seekers, it has degenerated to the reputation of a humbug; and it is now regarded as such by the best minds of both hemispheres. If phrenologists should ever see fit to complain of the treatment, which the public has more recently given them, they owe it chiefly to their own folly. So long as they were content to investigate and publish, their theory was making rapid advances in every quarter: men of character, and even some medical writers, such as Dunglison and others of the school at Philadelphia, had adopted it as a new science, and were doing much to establish it in this capacity. But, alas for phrenology, its best friends, like the murderers of Cesar, gave it the death-stroke of their own daggers. Dr. Sewell, of Washington, performed the funeral obsequies, and, like another Anthony, "put a tongue" into its wounds, and made them "eloquent" *against* it.

Such, in brief, are the origin, progress, and present condition of phrenology. To insure it an everlasting burial, our opinion of its merits and demerits is not needed; nor do we feel any disposition to kick a dead dog merely because he is dead. But the dog has had his day; and we only record a few objections, by way of *memorabilia*.

1. The first and leading objection we have against phrenology is, that it is not true. It does not accord with facts. Having, in our college days, turned some attention to the "science," we took some pains to test it by the infallible rule of application; and for several years afterward, while engaged in different seminaries of learning as a teacher, we made it a practice to try the doctrines of Gall by the heads and comparative mental powers of our numerous pupils. These doctrines frequently received confirmation; but, after years of examination, our list of exceptions became numerous and conclusive. The poorest reciter, except *one*, in our class at college, had the largest and most prominent eyes we ever beheld in the eyes of any mortal. Afterward, while teaching, we had a pupil, whose head was of Websterian dimensions, large, prominent, and full, with intellectual faculties roundly developed, especially his language. After he had enjoyed three years of daily instruction—and my associates in teaching were men of rare qualifications—his proficiency in human learning may be gathered, from the manner in which he once read, during religious worship in a family, a well-known passage in the Bible—"Besides all this, between us and you is a great *calf* fixed"—and so on. We doubt whether, at this day, he can read five lines of his mother tongue correctly; and yet, in

every way, he not only then was, but ever had been sound and healthy. About that time, also, we borrowed a human skull from Dr. Cyrus Knapp, then and afterward the able superintendent of the Insane Hospital of Maine, but now successfully engaged in treating curvatures of the spine and similar diseases, in Cincinnati. In this skull we discovered, that some of the outside projections had corresponding ones directly underneath, on the inside; and from this fact we took the hint to make more extended examinations. From what investigations we have been able to make, we have drawn the following conclusion—that *the exceptions to phrenology are altogether too numerous for the rule*.

2. Truth is always salutary, phrenology is decidedly deleterious, in its influence. Its friends have very strenuously maintained, that there is nothing in it which ought to exert a bad influence on the world. But this is not the way men judge of any subject. They never ask what a thing *ought* to do, but only what it *does*; and, that phrenology has actually done evil to society, we think there can be no reasonable doubt. Many a young man has turned out of a promising path of usefulness, merely because some itinerant phrenologist has told him he had no *bump* for it. This we happen to know. Others have gone into vain speculations, and ruined their earthly happiness, because another had assured them that in such a way nature had intended them to exert their faculties. Parents, too, have based the education and professions of their children on this uncertain foundation; and many a sad failure, arising from this cause, might be recorded. The progress of morality and religion has also been retarded, not less than that of science and secular business. Phrenology has armed every impenitent man in the world with the potent though miserable excuse for his impenitence, that his *bumps* were against his being pious. His "marvelousness," and "reverence," and other organs were too small, or his "combattiveness," or "acquisitiveness," or "destructiveness," was too large, to admit of much prayer to God, or any devout faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The administration of justice, also, in every civilized nation, has received a check from this same source. Not only have criminals pleaded the configuration of their head, for which they were certainly not guilty, in palliation of their deeds; but, what is vastly worse, the great public has learned how to apologize for crime by the same means. But there is an evil inconceivably more terrible than these—an evil that strikes at the root of all progress in man. Phrenology lowers infinitely man's conception of himself, of his capacity and destiny, and thus discourages all effort at what is lofty, spiritual, and good. It materializes, not only the character and operations of the mind, but the entire philosophy of the present life. Every thing pertaining to us is governed by a sort of fatality, over which we have no shadow of control. Man is to look upon himself as a mere machine, operated by forces concealed within his head. That which science, and philosophy, and revelation have done, in elevating and spiritualizing man's opinion of his soul, in enlarging his views of the proper dignity and destiny of mankind, and in deepening our sense of personal responsibility to God for the degrees of truth and virtue to which we may have respectively attained, all—all is to be given up that phrenology may reign!

3. If the brain governs the mind, and not the mind



the developments of the brain, then man is a slave by the very conditions on which he lives. Slavery, and that of the lowest sort, slavery to matter, is the essence of human life. Plato has been complained of, for representing man as imprisoned in the body; but, if phrenology be true, he is not only imprisoned, but a prisoner in chains! What is the use to discuss questions about intellectual and moral liberty, or to talk of liberty at all, if man, in the laws of his very being, is a slave? Why did our forefathers fight for freedom, or why do their children hold up its banner, if there is no such thing as freedom in the world? It is decidedly unworthy of us, automaton as we are, to bluster any more about human liberty, when there is no liberty to be enjoyed. Let us pull down our useless capitol, burn up our unmeaning constitution, and dissolve the great Republic at a blow, if we live only to be slaves!

4. Phrenology has assumed so many forms, it would be impossible to follow it with any certainty or satisfaction, whatever were its truth. When first started, its cardinal point was, that size of brain was in all cases the measure of mental power. Next, it was size or volume of brain, *ceteris paribus*, other things being equal; but this "*ceteris paribus*" covered up a great deal of mystery. At length, however, the mystery was all settled. These "other things" were made to include several important items, such as the healthiness of the subject, the kind and degree of animal temperament, the fineness or coarseness of fibre in the bodily organization, and even early habits, including, we should suppose, the amount of intellectual discipline. In this way it has gradually yielded to public censure, until there is really no novelty in it.

The ancient Greek philosophers had maintained, that smallness and roundness of head were the indications of great genius, and their catalogue of celebrated men, whose heads answered this description, finally became too troublesome for these modern materialists. Their cotemporaneous opposers, however, did not let them rest under the disapprobation of the old philosophers only. They confronted phrenology with an array of great men, of our age and country, such as Canning, of England, and our own Chief Justice Marshall, whose capital measurements were not even of ordinary dimensions. The immortality of the soul is the grandest theme of human contemplation, which has tasked if not exhausted the abilities of a Socrates and a Cicero; but the ablest extant treatise on that subject, is the work of the English cobbler, Drew, whose head was remarkable only for its want of size. The great John Wesley has also given the phrenologists, as well as some theologians we know of, a deal of trouble; but the phrenologists satisfy themselves by saying, that Mr. Wesley was a very small man, and he could not be expected to carry a head of unwieldy volume. But then, say these gentlemen, his temperament was of the first order; and to this it has been more recently added, that his early and constant mental discipline rendered his brain and nervous system uncommonly vigorous and active. Indeed it did; but what has this to do with the fundamental doctrine of phrenology!

Since phrenology has been going into disrepute, we have not always maintained our usual seriousness in contemplating it. We have advised some of our friends, whose confidence in this system outmeasures ours, to try an experiment on their children; and we have gone so far as to invent a small machine expressly for their

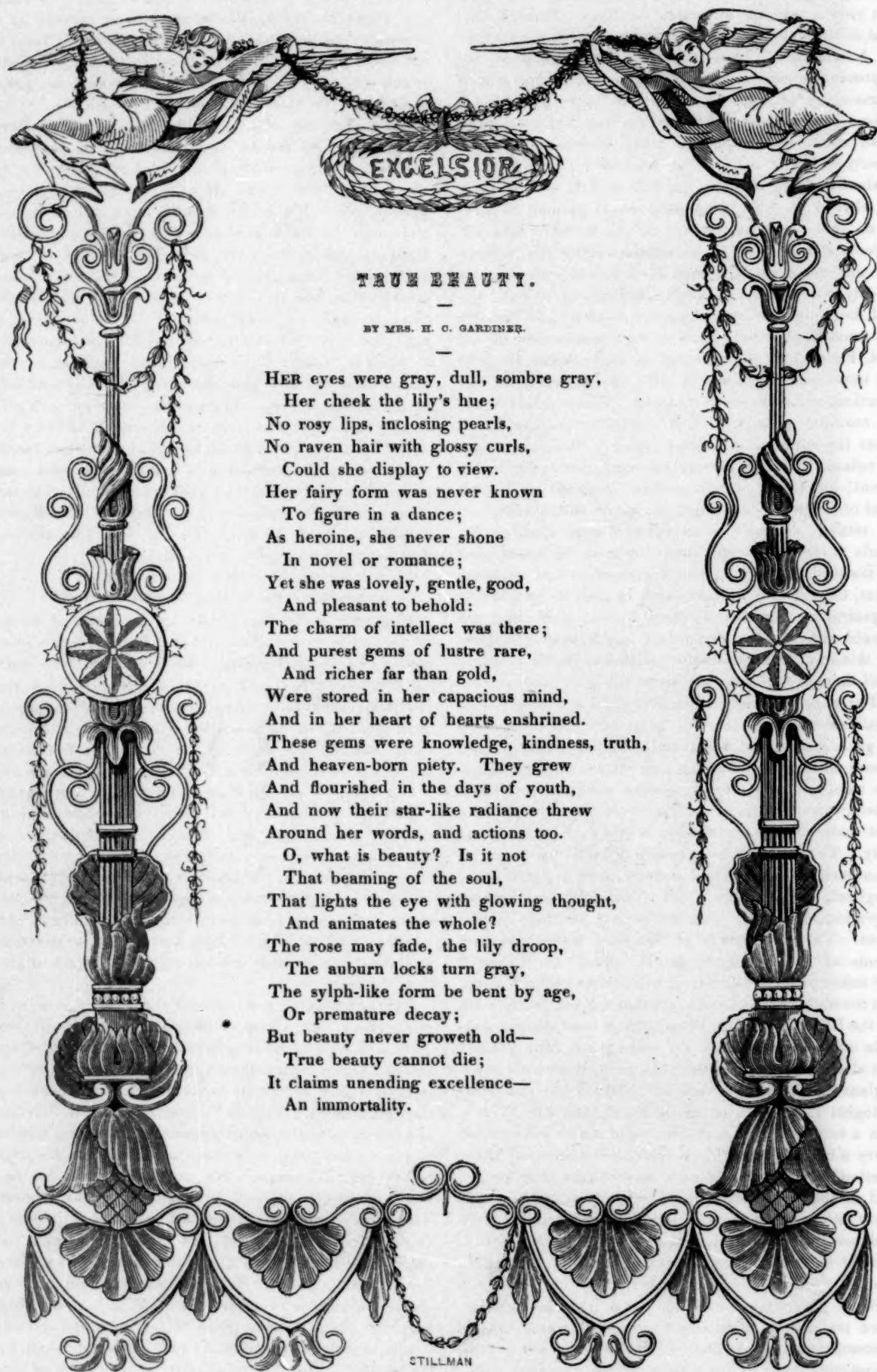
accommodation. It is a little stucco or plaster of Paris cap, made by laying the above-named cement on a perfectly developed head, and then putting it aside to become dry and hard. The head from which the cast or cap is taken should be of a child-like size, and great care should be used to get exact impressions of every bump. This cap, then, would be hard and hollow, having little cavities on the inside for all the good bumps freely to grow into, but a solid substance to keep all the bad ones down. If worn upon the head of a growing child, it would certainly give shape to it, and that would be the very shape of the cast or cap within. Thus, characters might be formed by pattern. These troublesome expenses, in what is called education, would all be lost in a few of these caps, which would cost, perhaps, as many dollars. But a farther use might be made of our invention. These caps could be made to order. They might be so made as to contain in them any desirable character. Should a mother desire to make a poet of her son, let her order a cap with ideality and other necessary organs largely allowed for in it. If another should wish her child to be a mechanic, when he was determined to be a sailor, she must send for a cap with the requisite qualifications. In this way we could take the destinies of our children into our own hands, and those familiar lines of the Twickenham poet might be changed to great advantage:

'Tis Paris caps that form the infant's mind,  
Just as they shape its head the man's inclined!

It is true, these caps could not be made of elastic matter, so as to stretch as the head increased. They would necessarily keep the child's cranium to its original size; and this, we allow, is a serious objection to our otherwise useful invention. But, then, the head would be a good one of its dimensions; and the mother might easily console her ambition, by reminding herself of the true proverb, that "it is better to be good than great."

Our estimate of Dr. Spurzheim's book, however, is not to be gathered entirely from our opinion of its subject. The book itself is able. It is written in a clear, neat, unambitious style, and its literary character is quite respectable. It abounds in scientific facts, and its reasoning is ingenious and captivating, if it is not conclusive. There is some truth, also, in phrenology; but, when carried out in detail, and thus applied to practical purposes, it is not only unphilosophical, but ridiculous.

REMARKS.—Our first number for 1847 is now with our readers. By a careful perusal of it, they will perceive a change in the length, character, and style of the articles, and will doubtless approve of the unusual variety of matter presented to them. Our new contributors, Dr. Durbin, President Wentworth, Rev. A. Stevens, and others in this number, are among the ablest writers of the country; and their contributions will be frequent in the current volume. We hope, also, that the two new embellishments will be admired by our readers. The flower, we are certain, will be useful, in many ways, to our young ladies; the other ornament is too nearly allied to our own fancy, to admit of many editorial praises. But it will henceforth perform for our poetical writers a peculiar office. Within it we shall hereafter insert the best piece of poetry, of the suitable length, which our contributors may have furnished for the month. Who shall wear oftenest the wreath of laurel? The poesy must be purely Christian; for the EX-CELSIOR, you see, is suspended from the hands of angels.

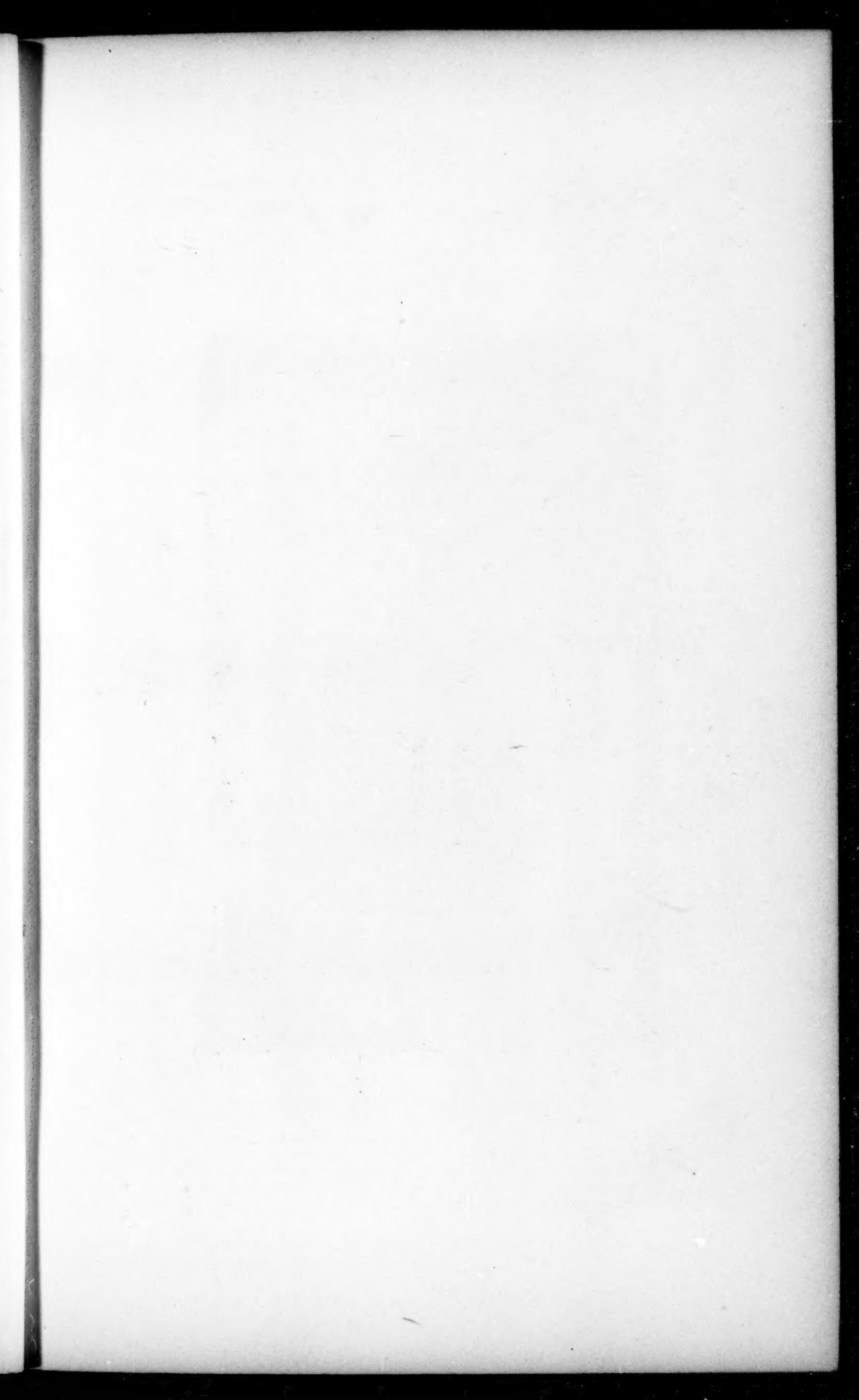


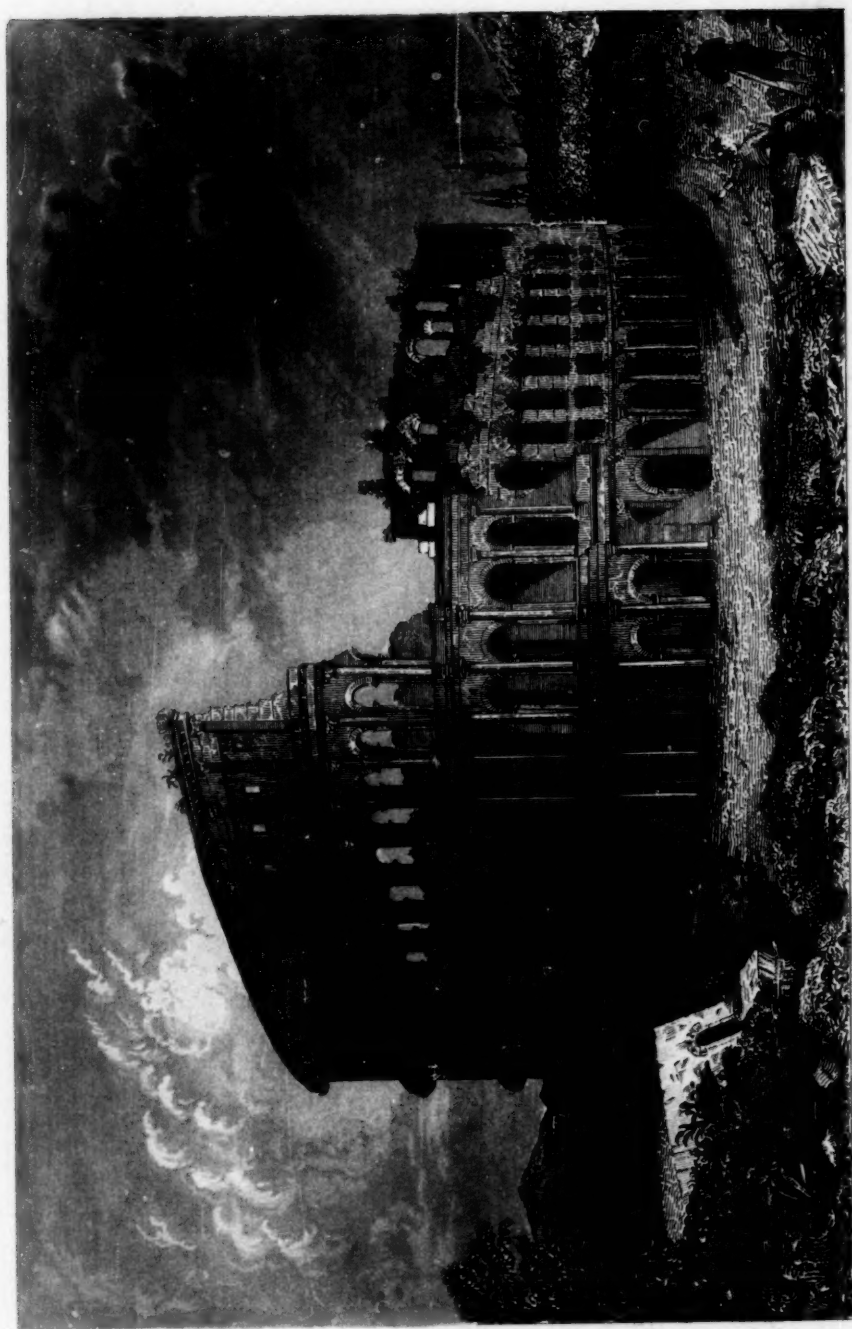
TRUE BEAUTY.

—  
BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.  
—

HER eyes were gray, dull, sombre gray,  
Her cheek the lily's hue;  
No rosy lips, inclosing pearls,  
No raven hair with glossy curls,  
Could she display to view.  
Her fairy form was never known  
To figure in a dance;  
As heroine, she never shone  
In novel or romance;  
Yet she was lovely, gentle, good,  
And pleasant to behold:  
The charm of intellect was there;  
And purest gems of lustre rare,  
And richer far than gold,  
Were stored in her capacious mind,  
And in her heart of hearts enshrined.  
These gems were knowledge, kindness, truth,  
And heaven-born piety. They grew  
And flourished in the days of youth,  
And now their star-like radiance threw  
Around her words, and actions too.  
O, what is beauty? Is it not  
That beaming of the soul,  
That lights the eye with glowing thought,  
And animates the whole?  
The rose may fade, the lily droop,  
The auburn locks turn gray,  
The sylph-like form be bent by age,  
Or premature decay;  
But beauty never groweth old—  
True beauty cannot die;  
It claims unending excellence—  
An immortality.







THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.